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George Michael Bedinger:

A Kentucky Pioneer

By

Danske Dandridge

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George Michael Bedinger. 1909.

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Major George Michael Bedinger

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DANSKE DANDRIDGE

TO ALL THE DESCENDANTS OF
THE PATRIOT, GEORGE MICHAEL
BEDINGER, I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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Major George Michael Bedinger

A Kentucky Pioneer

INTRODUCTION

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the Lion heart and Eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

AMONG the papers left by George Michael Bedinger of Kentucky, I have found this scrap of verse, written, I believe, by his younger brother Daniel. It may be taken as the motto of his adventurous life, and his constant inspiration.

This dearly loved brother, Daniel, died in 1818, many years before the death of "Michael," as his family always called Major Bedinger. Daniel was a poet, and he accumulated and absorbed great store of books, wrote much for the periodicals of the day, and lived in ease and prosperity in the town of Norfolk, Virginia, then the home of some of the most cultured gentlemen of the day.

Michael, on the contrary, was a frontiersman, an explorer, and a brave soldier, as well as a statesman and a patriot. The bond of affection between him and his brothers was an unusually strong one.

Henry, the eldest of the family, was a man of affairs, an active, enterprising, and withal a dignified gentleman, honored and respected by all who knew him, watching carefully over the interests of the younger members of the family, of whom he was the acknowledged head. All three of these brothers had

fought in the Revolution, and were among the bravest of the brave. Two of them were members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and all were officers.

I have written this simple account of the life of Michael Bedinger to endeavor to draw closer the bond which unites the descendants of these brothers; and also because his example must be an inspiration to all who read it. Such were his fidelity to duty, his noble unselfishness of character, and his courage and tenderness, that no one, I hope and believe, can help deriving benefit from an acquaintance with him. Therefore, I have endeavored to produce the living man, just as he was, as I have failed to discover an act of his life that one of his descendants could wish to conceal.

I desire to express most heartfelt thanks to all who have so kindly aided me in my task. To Mrs. Frances Gibson and her daughter, Miss Zan Gibson, of Charles Town, W. Va.; to Mrs. Asa Lewis and her brother, of Asheville, N. C.; to Mr. Henry B. Davenport, of Clay County, W. Va.; to Miss Olivia Bedinger, of Bakersfield, California; to Miss Virginia Lucas; Mr. Henry B. Swearingen; Mrs. Woodford; Miss Franklin, of Chillicothe, Ohio; and to Miss Lucy Bittinger of Sewickley, Pa., I desire particularly to give expression to my gratitude for their valuable aid in furnishing me with letters, papers, and information. I am also largely indebted to the labors of the late Dr. Lyman Draper, of Wisconsin, whose manuscripts in the Historical Library at Madison have been of great value; and to Professor Reuben C. Thwaites; and to the assistants in the Congressional Library, I also desire to return cordial thanks for all their kind assistance.

Shepherdstown, W. Va.,

December 11, 1908.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH OF GEORGE MICHAEL BEDINGER—FAMILY HISTORY

GEORGE Michael Bedinger was born of German parents on the 10th of December, 1756. His parents, at the time of his birth, lived on their plantation in what is now York County, Pennsylvania. He was the third child of Henry Bedinger, and his wife, Magdalene von Schlegel. The oldest son, Henry, was born in 1753. Next came Elizabeth, born in 1755. There were seven other children: Christian and Christina, probably twins, born between the years 1756 and 1760, both of whom died in infancy; Daniel, born in 1761; Jacob, born in 1766; Sarah, born in 1768, and Solomon, the youngest, born in 1770.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married Abel Morgan, a son of Richard ap Morgan, a gentleman whose family came from Wales to America in the seventeenth century. Richard Morgan, who belonged to an ancient family of Welsh gentlemen, was one of the first settlers in the neighborhood of Mecklenburg, now called Shepherdstown, a village on the banks of the Potomac, in Jefferson County, West Virginia.

Abel Morgan, the husband of Elizabeth, was a physician, and during the Revolution he acted as surgeon to the 8th Pennsylvania. His name is on the list of prisoners confined on the prison ship Jersey, off the Long Island coast. He died early, very probably from the effects of this confinement, and left his widow with five children to rear to maturity.

Anna-Maria, called Mary in her father's will, married Colonel Abraham Morgan, a grandson of Richard

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ap Morgan. He died in Kentucky, leaving many descendants in that State, and some in Mississippi and Tennessee. Sarah, the youngest daughter, married Benoni Swearingen, a friend and comrade-in-arms of the Bedinger brothers.

Adam Büdinger, the grandfather of George Michael, emigrated from Alsace to America, possibly by the advice of his friend, Dr. Muhlenberg, a noted Lutheran divine of the day. Adam, with his wife, and several children, sailed from Rotterdam, in the good ship *Samuel*, in the summer of 1737, and landed at Philadelphia on the thirtieth of August of that year.

Henry, the third son of Adam and his wife, Anna Margarethe Hansknecht, was born in the village of Dorschel or Durstle, as it is variously spelt on maps of Alsace, in the year 1729.

Adam appears to have been a man of substance. He took up a large and fertile tract of land on the Conewago, in York County, Pennsylvania, and prospered greatly thereon. He married three times and had, in all, ten children. He belonged to a very old family which has given the name of Büdingen to two villages in Alsace, and one in Hesse-Cassel.

At least one branch of this family was noble. In German works on genealogy we read that "Ludwig of the elder line of the house of Isenberg, who died in 1360, received by his marriage with Hedwig, heiress of the last Dynast, i. e., Ruler or Chief of Büdingen, the succession into the 'immediate' estates of Büdingen in the Wesseren, which was raised in 1442 to a County."

This branch of the Isenberg family is still called Isenberg-Büdingen. Henry Bedinger, the elder brother of George Michael, had an old family seal in his pos-

session; and his only living grandchild, Mrs. Frances Gibson, of Charles Town, West Virginia, remembers having often played with it when she was a child. This seal bore the arms of Büdingen, a griffin rampant, and, for a crest, the helmet of a knight. The present family of Isenberg-Büdingen quarters this coat of arms with that of the Isenbergs, as any one interested in such matters can find in the pages of the *Deutsche Adels Lexicon*. The old seal remained in the possession of the family for many years, until the death of Henry Bedinger Davenport, when, on the breaking up of his establishment, it was lost, stolen, or destroyed.

The sons of Adam, after their marriages, he established on plantations near his own.

Many reports of the fertility of the Valley of the Shenandoah had reached Pennsylvania in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it is not impossible that settlers emigrated to this part of Virginia even before Governor Spottswood made his memorable excursion to the summit of the Blue Ridge in 1714.

The only records the first settlers in the Valley have left behind them are found on nearly illegible tombstones. By the middle of the century, however, crowds of emigrants from the west eastward, instead of from the east, westward, were, for a time, the order of the day, and the beautiful Valley of Virginia was largely settled by German emigrants from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

Shepherdstown, as it is now called, from the name of its chief founder, Thomas Shepherd, is a quaint little Dutch settlement on the banks of the Potomac, a quiet and somewhat antiquated place, long past the days of its early importance and prosperity, the days when it proudly aspired to be the capital of the United

States of America! When Henry Bedinger moved to Shepherdstown he built a stone house a short distance southeast of the village, between two fine springs. The largest of these was, for many years, called "Bedinger's Spring." He died early in the year 1772, leaving a comfortable estate. He owned much property in the town, and several farms in the neighborhood, on both sides of the Potomac. The share of George Michael was, to quote from Henry's will: "Ten acres I bought of John Newland, and ninety-three acres I bought of Linder."

Henry also bequeathed a female slave called Sina, and a good deal of property, to his wife during her lifetime, all to be sold and the proceeds equally divided among his eight children at her death. To each of his sons he left a farm, and to each of his daughters a large house and lot in the village. He built two taverns which he rented out, and which are still standing. One of these was for many years known as the Globe Tavern, afterwards the Entler House; and the other, Sheetz's Tavern, is still occupied by a family of that name who bought the property from the heirs of one of Henry Bedinger's daughters.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN MECKLENBURG

MECKLENBURG, as the village of Shepherds-town was first named by the German emigrants who settled it, was founded at an unknown date. It is possible that the records of Spotsylvania Court House might throw some light upon this subject, as the country around the village was, at the time of its discovery, included in that county. Afterwards Orange County was formed from Spotsylvania, and, later still, Frederick County was formed from a part of Orange. Again, in 1772, Berkeley County was cut off from Frederick, and last of all, in 1801, Jefferson County was formed from Berkeley. Thus Shepherds-town belonged first to Spotsylvania, then to Orange, then to Frederick, then to Berkeley, and finally to Jefferson County, now included in the State of West Virginia. In these frequent changes the county records were scattered and many of them lost; and no one now living appears able to name the date of the settlement of old Mecklenburg.

All that we know is that a little company of German emigrants settled here early in the Eighteenth Century. They were mostly mechanics and small tradesmen, and it appears that they were squatters, who afterwards paid Lord Fairfax, Shepherd, Morgan, or some of the other original owners of the land for their homes. The crumbling tombstones in the old Lutheran and German churchyards remain as silent witnesses to the fact that there were settlers here at an early day. The oldest tombstone that can now be found was in a country graveyard four miles from the village. It

bears the date 1707, and near by are the remains of a stone fort, built for protection from the Indians. Tradition affirms that at one time, when this rude fort was besieged by Indians, a man was killed, whose companions sallied out at night to dig his grave and bury him a few rods away. While they were engaged in this dangerous task two of their number were killed, and, after the Indians had gone away, all were buried in one grave. But who these early settlers were, or at what precise time they built their fort, can perhaps never be ascertained. The name of the woman buried in 1707 was Caterina Beierlin. Nothing is known of her except the name, and the record on the stone that she was "a Christian woman." Early tombstones in the churchyards of Shepherdstown bear the dates 1720, 1725, 1728, etc.

When the Bedinger family arrived, the village was a thriving settlement of three hundred persons. Henry Bedinger witnessed a will in Mecklenburg in the year 1758, yet his children always maintained that he did not come to Virginia until 1762, a discrepancy for which I cannot account. It is possible that he witnessed the will when on a visit to the town, and that he did not move his family until 1762. When he did so he sent his three eldest children to an English school, taught by a Scotchman named Robert Cockburn, who lived to a great age.

The boys grew up with the sons of the settlers, and had for companions the Morrows, Lucases, Swearings, Morgans, Shepherds, Lemons, and many more. The county furnished Ohio with four of her governors. These were Governors Worthington, Tiffin, Lucas, and Morrow.

Michael, in an account of his early life, declared

that his two brothers, Daniel and Henry, were bright boys and fine scholars, but that he was less so. He says he was taciturn, and fond of hunting, fishing, and riding, and that he had a decided turn for mechanics. In after life he proved to be something of an inventor, contriving ingenious and intricate machinery for his mills and salt works.

The young men grew up with the usual training of the hardy backwoodsmen of the day. Game was very plentiful; the river abounded in fish; fur-bearing animals were hunted for their valuable skins, and bounty money was paid for the cars of wolves as late as 1775 and probably later. Michael was a hunter and doubtless kept his mother's larder well supplied with venison, wild turkies, and pheasants; all to be procured with little trouble in that day of plenty.

The Bedingers were, at first, Lutherans. But, like Mühlenberg's son, afterwards the famous General Mühlenberg, they left the Lutheran denomination and joined the "English Church," as the Protestant Episcopal denomination was called in America at that time. A dispute arose among the Lutherans in Mecklenburg, on the subject of reading the liturgy in the German language. The most progressive of the settlers wished to have an English service, and for a time the liturgy was read on alternate Sundays in German and English. This apparently pleased neither faction. A split resulted, and Henry Bedinger and many others went over to the "English Church."

George William Ranson, a descendant of Elizabeth Bedinger Morgan, who wrote a most interesting sketch of Major G. M. Bedinger says: "Henry Bedinger was naturalized and took the sacrament in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Mecklenburg in 1769. He

died at his residence January 22nd, 1772, in the forty-second year of his age. He left five sons and three daughters to be provided for by their widowed mother, who discharged every duty well and faithfully. The resources of the family were moderate: their opportunities for education very limited; but this family was always ranked among the most worthy and intelligent of the community wherein they dwelt. George Michael spent his early years in obtaining the best education possible at that time, and in rendering such assistance as he could to his mother in supporting her helpless family."

Henry and Daniel wrote remarkably well, in the fine Italian hand of the day. George Michael modestly calls himself "a poor writer and worse speller." Yet, though he cannot be said to have been a great student, his letters compare very favorably with those of that period. Indeed he spelled as well as the great "Father of his country" himself, whose tall form was often seen in the streets of Mecklenburg, and must have been familiar to the Bedinger boys from their childhood, for Fort Loudoun, where he commanded during a part of the Indian wars, was only twenty-five miles away. The tavern where Washington is said to have put up on his frequent visits to Mecklenburg, is still standing, and is now a private residence.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION

I WISH it were possible to give a more detailed account of the boyhood of Michael Bedinger, but unfortunately no letters or papers of that time remain. He and his brothers were all tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young men, and remarkably strong and active. They hunted, shot at a mark, rode, ran, leaped, and wrestled. At a very early date there were two annual fairs at Mecklenburg, and races were run there at least once a year, and perhaps oftener. Mecklenburg was a centre for merchandize of all kinds in a very extended farming community. Trains of wagons were sent to Philadelphia and Alexandria semi-annually, and the country people came from a distance of many miles to trade in the settlement.

The country seems to have been peaceful enough after the end of Pontiac's conspiracy. No doubt wandering parties of restless savages may have sometimes visited their famous hunting grounds, but we hear of no outbreak after the end of Pontiac's war until the Indian uprising in 1774.

Colonel Adam Stephen of Martinsburg, Berkeley County, who commanded at Fort Cumberland, recruited many of his men from Mecklenburg and its vicinity, for the Indian wars; and Captain William Morgan had accompanied his father, Captain Richard Morgan, when that gentleman led his company of riflemen from Mecklenburg to join Braddock at Fort Cumberland. The troops under Braddock passed through the village, and cut their way through the

thickets on the Virginia side of the Potomac, on their way to the Fort.

Among familiar names of residents in the vicinity who took part in Braddock's campaign we read those of William Chapline, Jacob Van Metre, Henry Darke, James Finley, John Lemon, Simeon Turner, Anthony Worley, John Dixon, Daniel Osbourne, and Robert Buckles, the descendants of many of whom still reside in the county.

Lord Dunmore's War may be called the prelude to the Revolution, and the little community on the Potomac had not had time to quiet down after that excitement before fresh and agitating tidings began to arrive through the medium of hurried express riders, all the way from Williamsburg, and later from the little town of Lexington, Massachusetts.

News of the Governor's high-handed proceedings at Williamsburg aroused the spirit of the settlers, and when he seized on the Colony's supply of powder, and when Patrick Henry made his fiery speech against his tyranny in the Virginia House of Burgesses, the news set the whole country into a blaze of insulted patriotism.

Living in Frederick County at this time was a young lawyer named George Rootes, a friend of Patrick Henry, and an eloquent patriot. Michael Bedinger, writing to his brother Henry many years afterwards, reminds him of the address made in the town by this gentleman in the spring of 1775, and speaks of its effect on some of the impulsive young blood of the day. He says: "I will now attempt to state to you as well as I can remember my services in the Revolutionary War to the end of the war. I will, however, observe that some time near the 25th of May, 1775, at the call

of Patrick Henry through the eloquence of his friend, Lawyer George Rootes, or it may have been a printed proclamation read or spoken to us by said Rootes, which I yet recollect required of the people of Berkeley their aid to go to Williamsburg to save the powder that had been or was like to be taken (by Lord Dunmore) he, Rootes, concluded his patriotic address I think in such language as this: 'All you that God has given arms to ought now to turn out and make use of them to save your country, for by saving the powder you will save the country and your liberties,' or some such language. George Morgan and I then turned out and marched towards Fredericksburg. A considerable number of armed men joined us on our way, I recollect we got to a place called the Red House on our way to the place of rendezvous, which I think was to be either Falmouth or Fredericksburg, but somewhere on our way an express met us, informing us we were not then wanted. The powder had been saved, or the price of it, or some such thing. But all this is now like a dream. * * * I think we carried rifles, were on foot, and were out about eight days. I think we were requested to hold ourselves in readiness, as it was believed we should soon be called out again to support our liberties and rights."

It is a well known historical fact that Patrick Henry sent messages to different parts of Virginia asking for volunteers to turn out to aid in compelling Lord Dunmore to return the powder and ammunition that he had confiscated. Many men flocked towards the place of rendezvous, and were turned back by the news that the governor, alarmed at these belligerent demonstrations, had paid the colony in full for the military stores he had so arbitrarily seized. It is quite possible that

George Michael Bedinger and his friend, George Morgan, were the first volunteers from Mecklenburg in the spring of '75.

When the war broke out the two young Bedinger brothers, Henry and Michael, were prompt to join the rifle company raised by Captain Hugh Stephenson, senior captain of Virginia. This gallant company of one hundred young men was recruited in the short space of a week, and was composed of young men of the neighborhood, all of them of good character, and of means sufficient to provide their own equipment. Hugh Stephenson had been a captain under Colonel George Washington in the French and Indian wars. He lived on the Bullskin Run in Berkeley County, and was a half brother of the unfortunate Colonel Crawford, who was tortured to death by the Indians some years later. Stephenson was a brave officer, highly esteemed by Washington, who recommended him to Congress with Daniel Morgan as captains of the two companies of riflemen to be raised in Frederick and Berkeley Counties.

These young men, many of them the sons of gentlemen, met often at the home of Magdalene Bedinger, and at the famous old spring, once called "Bedinger's," but now to be known for many years as "Stinson's Spring." Stinson was a corruption of the name Stephenson. At this spot these young men, who were the pride and hope of the county, met, on the tenth of June, 1775, to hold a barbecue, tendered them by their friends and neighbors. The rough boards were heaped with meats, and the patriotic women of the neighborhood brought baskets filled with every kind of delicacy that they had skill to prepare. An ox was roasted whole, there was great store of game, pies, and cakes;

and, no doubt, there was plenty of strong drink as well, for it was not an age of temperance. The company sang patriotic songs, drank toasts, and perhaps listened to some of the orators of the day.

Some of the volunteers were mere boys, about to set out on a long and hazardous journey, the end of which no man could foresee. They were to march through a sparsely settled country over six hundred miles. If they were unsuccessful the gibbet awaited them. They were in peril of the sword, exposed to hunger, disease, and every privation. Worst of all, though it is little probable that they gave it a thought, the dark and terrible shadow of the British prison, with its horrors of pestilence, famine, a cruel death, and a nameless grave, hung over them. But they sang around the board a patriotic song composed by one of their number, and other popular airs of the time, little recking the hard fate in store for many of them.

As they sat at table they heard the rifles of Captain Morgan's company, who were then rendezvousing at Harper's Ferry, and who fired a salute to their comrades at Mecklenburg. The young recruits rose from their seats and fired a volley in reply. When they were about to disperse one of their number suggested that they should all rise and join hands, pledging themselves to meet again at that spot, as many as should survive, on that day fifty years after. This they did, and then parted for the night. Although they had responded so promptly to the summons for volunteers they were delayed six weeks by the difficulty of procuring rifles. The mechanics of Mecklenburg, such as had knowledge of the gunsmith's trade, plied their hammers and anvils diligently, and some of the rifles they manufactured were the pride of the company.

Not a few were inlaid with silver, and all of them carried true, for the riflemen were, one and all, expert marksmen.

On the 17th of July they set out, making a "bee-line for Boston." Henry Bedinger, elected a sergeant in this company, kept a journal of their march, in which he writes, under the date, "July 17th, 1775. Set out from Patomack Toward Boston, and Encamped at the Mirey Springs, about three miles from Sharpsburgh. Next morning took leave of all friends, set off from thence and Marched to Stricker's in the Mountains, from thence Marched to Frederick Town (Maryland)."

Thus they began their long march to join Washington at Cambridge, where they arrived on Friday, the 11th of August.

It appears that there was much rivalry between the two companies of riflemen, each being desirous to be the first to reach Washington's headquarters. When Stephenson's men were ready to start, Daniel Morgan, of Frederick County, sent word to their captain that he wished he would tarry a few days longer in order that they might march together to Boston. Captain Stephenson accordingly waited, when he learned, to his surprise, that Morgan's object was to gain time, steal a march, and thus outwit him. Stephenson, upon hearing that Morgan, who crossed the river at Harper's Ferry, had already started, hurried his company forward through Lancaster, Reading, and Bethlehem, where they were kindly entertained by the Moravians, thence on to Easton, through New Jersey to Peekskill on the Hudson, to Hartford, and on to Boston, which they reached a day or two later than Morgan, whom they had failed to overtake. They were comfortably lodged in houses at Roxbury Camp, near Cambridge.

There is no word in Henry Bedinger's journal of hardships endured during the winter, which was an unusually cold one. They were all hardy and strong young men in the vigor of manhood, and well accustomed to outdoor life.

The costume of the riflemen consisted of hunting frocks of tow linen, fringed down the front and around the neck; leather leggings, and moccasins. Each wore a bucktail in his hat, which was of soft felt, looped on one side. They carried tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts; long rifles, shot pouches and powder horns, with knapsacks of deer-hide slung across their shoulders. They bore a banner emblazoned with the device of the Culpepper Minute men, a coiled rattlesnake, with the significant motto, "Don't tread on me!" And on the bosoms of their hunting-frocks were embroidered the words, "Liberty or Death." All were picked marksmen, many of them over six feet in height. Michael was extremely active, and was tall and broad-shouldered. His brother Henry was remarkably tall, straight as an Indian, dark, spare, and muscular. Both brothers had blue eyes and black hair, good features with aquiline noses.

The British at first affected to despise the Virginian riflemen, calling them "a rabble in calico petticoats;" but they soon learned to dread the marksmen of the frontiers more than any other troops. In October Henry Bedinger wrote in his journal: "Orders came out Recomending that the Soldiers of the New Army do not Lay out their pay in anything but Shirts, Leather Breeches, Stockings, Shoes, etc, and that the Congress would provide Regimentals for them." We see that the men were expected to provide themselves with many necessities out of their scanty pay. But

they had left home well enough provided with warm suitable clothing and blankets for the campaign.

In the spring, on the fourth of March, Henry Bedinger wrote: "Orders came to go out on Dorchester Point and Intrench, two Rifle Companies from Cambridge were ordered here. In the Evening as soon as Sun Down our Teams Began to Load with Intrenching Tools, Spears, Canon, about 100 Teams to Carry Fascines and pressed Hay—accordingly 2000 men and upwards went and Began the work, and about 1 O'Clock our five Companies of Riflemen Marched on, when the Others had already made Two Compleat Fascine forts on the top of the Two Hills, made Two Redoubts and a Cover along the Neck with hay. We marched a Little Beyond the Forts and posted ourselves behind a hill Near the water Edge, where we Remained as Silent as possible. Mean Time our Forts Fired shot and Threw Bombs into Boston from Brookline, from Lichmore's Point and from Cobble Hill. They were no less busy in throwing as many Bomb Shells and Shott, as we, which made no Small Noise."

The riflemen were posted on Dorchester Point to guard the men at this work, which, as history tells us, made Boston untenable by the British, and caused its abandonment. After they had performed this duty they were ordered to New York, and Stephenson's Company with Captain Rawling's Maryland Rifle Company were stationed on Staten Island.

A party of British from Admiral Howe's fleet near Sandy Hook came to a watering place on the Island for water, when a few of Stephenson's men, among whom were the two Bedingers, cut off thirteen British from their boats and took them prisoners, besides killing and wounding others on their way to and

in the boats. In this skirmish they captured many articles, among them the British colours. Not a man of the rifle company received a scratch. George Michael shall now speak for himself, and I will give a part of his declaration of his services, for the purpose of obtaining a pension. This declaration was made in January, 1836, when he was eighty years old.

After speaking of his enlistment, and the winter in Roxbury, he goes on: "Soon after this (the occupation of Dorchester Point) and a few days before Boston was evacuated, Captain Stephenson's Company was sent to New York City. I think we remained there two or three weeks, from there to Staten Island where we remained in said Stephenson's Rifle Company until I had served out the whole term for which I enlisted in the service, to wit, one year: and was honorably discharged.

"I was not in any general engagement or battle during the above term of service, but was in frequent skirmishes, in one of which 26 of us took 13 prisoners.

"My Lieutenants were William Henshaw, Samuel Finley, George Scott, and Abraham Shepherd, successively. (He means in order named.)

"We were generally under immediate command of General Washington. While we remained at the siege of Boston we were not attached to any particular regiment or corps, but were generally near headquarters, prepared to act on short notice, and upon sudden emergencies.

"Our Captain was appointed Colonel, came home to make preparations to recruit a Rifle Regiment, but died soon after he got home.

"After I was discharged I immediately volunteered and remained at Staten Island until driven thence by

the enemy. They had already pitched some of their tents on the Island and were scouring it round in search of the 'rebels' as they called us, when Joseph Swearingen and myself effected our escape from them in a small boat or skiff. We got safe to the Jersey shore, but lost some of our clothes, blankets, etc. We went thence to our army in New York. The British army and navy was then lying at Sandy Hook, commanded by the two Howes, and a general engagement or some important movement was almost daily expected to take place. Our army was weak when compared to the then powerful Army and Navy of the British. We were in great need of all the troops that could be raised. To think of leaving the army at such a time occasioned painful reflections, and to stay much longer from a widowed mother with an almost helpless family of children to support, and who was anxiously looking for my return, the rest of my company having come home, and many other family reflections which agitated my mind—yet I continued with the Army three weeks after I received my discharge—then I left the army, got to Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776, got home to Shepherdstown, I think, between the 10th and 15th of July."

In another of his writings he tells us that he marched from New Jersey to Philadelphia, a distance of fifty miles, on the third of July, walking day and night, and arrived in that city in time to hear the Declaration of Independence read to the assembled multitude in the streets, from the steps of old Independence Hall.

In another place he says that, after he was discharged, he stayed a short time in New Jersey with his uncle, Captain Nicholas Bittinger, and his com-

pany. This gentleman, whose name was thus corrupted from Büdinger, was a wealthy man, and remained in York County, Pennsylvania, all his life. At the breaking out of the Revolution he raised and equipped a company at his own expense. This was the company that George Michael visited. Captain Bittinger was afterwards taken prisoner at Fort Washington, and nearly died in the filthy hold of a British prison-ship. After six months he was exchanged, but on account of the state of his health he was obliged to retire to his plantation, where his wife had "suffered great anxiety during his absence, having a large family of children and unruly negro slaves, and was in constant terror of Indians and British soldiery."

CHAPTER IV

MAJOR G. M. BEDINGER IN THE REVOLUTION

ONE interesting fact that we must not omit is that while George Michael Bedinger was visiting his uncle's company at Amboy, N. J., they planned to attack a British ship, and he volunteered for the service. The plot, however was not put into execution, as the vessel left unexpectedly.

In the summer of 1776, Henry Bedinger, who was one of the riflemen of the Virginia and Maryland companies recommended by Washington to Congress for promotion, was engaged in raising a quota of men for the new rifle regiment of which Stephenson had been given command. Stephenson died suddenly in August, it is said of a return of camp fever contracted at Roxbury. He was succeeded in command of the regiment by Colonel Rawlings, and Otho Williams of Maryland was appointed lieutenant colonel.

The company raised at Shepherdstown that summer consisted of many of the same young men who had enlisted there the summer before. Again they met at the place then called "Stinson's Spring," in honor of their dead captain.

It was on the fourth of July, 1776, that Washington wrote a letter to Congress recommending the officers of the rifle companies of Virginia and Maryland for promotion. Four companies were now furnished by each State, those of Virginia consisting of picked men from the counties of Berkeley and Frederick. The list of officers recommended to serve in the new company which was to take the place of the one commanded by Stephenson in 1775 is as follows:

"Abraham Shepherd, to serve as Captain in Captain Stephenson's old Company.

"Samuel Finley, to be First Lieutenant; William Kelly, Second Lieutenant, and Henry Bedinger, Third Lieutenant."

George Michael Bedinger, who had been a corporal in 1775, did not re-enlist, but remained at home taking care of his mother's family; and it was well he did so, as he was afterwards the means of saving the life of one of his brothers.

Perhaps there is no heroism like that of a brave and ardent boy. When the village and vicinity of Shepherdstown were thrown into violent excitement by the news of the tyranny of Lord Dunmore, and of all his high-handed proceedings; and, a little later, when the wearied express rider brought the news of the battle of Lexington to the quiet little Dutch hamlet on the banks of the Potomac; and when the streets of the village were full of recruits, marching to and from the drilling ground behind the first Entler Tavern; probably no one was more stirred by a burning desire to fight for the liberties of his country than an eager-eyed, sensitive boy of fourteen, who listened with intense earnestness to all that was said, and watched all that was done, with the determination to volunteer, and prove himself capable of acting the part of a man.

But the boy, who was young Daniel Bedinger, was accustomed to submit to authority, and when he begged and implored his elder brothers to allow him to accompany them on the march to Boston they replied that he was much too young, and that he must remain at home, and take care of his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. His mother, too, forbade him

most positively to stir from her side. It was trouble and anxiety enough to Magdalene Bedinger, whose parents had emigrated to the new country for the purpose of obtaining rest from conflict, to part with her two eldest sons on such a doubtful and hazardous venture. So, most reluctantly, Daniel stood on the banks of the Potomac, and saw the brave little band of riflemen set out from Shepherdstown, on the long march without him, to the sound of the inspiring fife and drum, which were very probably confided to the hands of boys no older than himself.

A year had now rolled round, and again, in the summer of 1776, there was bustle and confusion on the banks of the Potomac; daily gatherings at the recruiting station at Shepherdstown; much activity of the militia under Colonel Samuel Washington, brother of the Commander-in-chief; much hurrying hither and thither; much clangor and noise about the smithies and forges; great industry of tailors and seamstresses; conflicting reports from headquarters and excited watching for the coming of express riders; in a word, all the stir and commotion of war.

No doubt the spring, now called "Stinson's," was again the rendezvous of the riflemen of '76, for that same spring of the many names is called the "Spring of '76," by the oldest inhabitants of Shepherdstown to this day.

It was not in the nature of a boy like Daniel Bedinger to listen and watch all these preparations as a mere idle spectator. Again he entreated his mother and his brothers to be allowed to join the company. But they "having regard to his youth," again refused their consent. Again a gallant company of riflemen marched away from Shepherdstown to the inspiring music of the drum and fife, and again Daniel was left behind.

But not for long. The company, after a long march, reached Bergen, to which place they had been ordered, and, upon the second day after they arrived in camp, a haggard, footsore, hollow-eyed boy of fifteen dragged himself into Bergen, and enquired of the first soldier he met where Lieutenant Henry Bedinger was to be found. It was Daniel, who had eluded the vigilance of his brother Michael and of his mother, and had run away in the middle of the night; trailed the company like a fox-hound, and now arrived in camp, tired to death and more than half starved. And so he got his way, and was enrolled into Captain Shepherd's company of riflemen.

On the fatal sixteenth of November this company was taken captive by the British on the occasion of the surrender of Fort Washington. What a brave defence the riflemen made that day is well known. In the midst of the battle Henry, who with fifty picked men, of whom Daniel was one, had been stationed in the van to repulse the enemy as they came up the hill towards the fort, heard a Hessian captain speak to his men in German, telling them to follow his example and reserve their fire until close. Henry, recognizing his mother tongue, watched the approach of the Hessian officer up the hill, and, when they were close upon each other, each levelled his rifle, and fired at the same instant. Henry was wounded in the finger, which disabled his right hand. The ball, passing, took off a lock of his hair. His own ball, with truer aim, killed the Hessian officer, who fell, shot through the brain.

One who took down the account from the lips of Major Michael Bedinger writes as follows about this disastrous battle:

"Captain Bedinger's younger brother, Daniel, then a

little past fifteen, shot 27 rounds in this engagement, and was often heard to say, after discharging his piece, "There, take that, you devils!" His youthful intrepidity and gallant conduct, so particularly attracted the attention of the officers that, tho' taken prisoner, he was promoted to an ensigncy, his commission dating back six months that he might take precedence of the other ensigns of his company."

When the riflemen were at last overpowered by a force five times their number, they were obliged to retreat to the defences, and they kept up the fight an hour longer, stubbornly retreating from redoubt to redoubt, giving good account of themselves in the piles of dead heaped around each of these defences, until at last they were withdrawn into the fort itself, and the commanding officer, Col. Magaw, surrendered to the British General Howe. They were then marched out, grounding their arms, all of which were taken from them, as well as every article of value that they possessed, even to their hats and necessary clothing.

At midnight they were marched to a place called the White House, and, after three days, to New York, where the privates were thrown into filthy and overcrowded prisons and treated in such a manner that in the short space of two months 1900 of the 2673 privates were killed. Henry Bedinger, being an officer, was not subjected to such an excess of cruelty. He and the other officers, were quartered in vacant houses, and allowed sufficient provisions to sustain life.

"During the captivity of his brothers," says Dr. Draper, who received the account from Michael himself, "Major Bedinger would by labor, loans, and by selling the property left him by his father, procure money from time to time and find means to convey it to the Commissary of Prisons in his brothers' behalf."

In January Henry and his brother officers were sent to Flatbush and Gravesend, Long Island, and billeted on the inhabitants there, at the rate of two dollars a week, supplied by Congress for their maintenance. Daniel was, of course, separated from his brother, and was, at first confined in the infamous Sugar-house, where he saw his companions die from starvation every day, and where he was so reduced by famine as to have endeavored to sustain life by scraping the deposit of sugar left in some refining kettles in that place of torment. He, however, was young and healthy, and he made a brave struggle for existence. After some weeks he was removed to the hold of a prison ship, and there he seems at last to have given up the hopeless fight for life, and to have laid down to die.

Fortunately for him an exchange of prisoners took place late in 1776, the exact date of which I have been unable to ascertain. When the officer who had the matter in charge came to select men to go on shore to be exchanged, he twice passed Daniel by as too far gone to be taken away. But Daniel had found a soft spot in the heart of a Hessian officer, whose name is unrecorded, and begged him so pitifully, in his mother tongue, to give him a chance for his life, that this man took compassion on him, and had him lifted into a boat, where he lay down in the bottom, being unable to stand or sit. The prisoners were conducted to a large church, where they were exchanged. It is said that the British were quite fond of giving up men who were almost sure to die on the way home for hale and serviceable English soldiers, who had not received such diabolical treatment at the hands of the Americans.

Somehow or other Daniel and a few of his comrades in misfortune made their way to Philadelphia. Ar-

rived at this place the boy completely broke down, and lay there in a wretched hospital, more dead than alive. What next happened to him a son of George Michael Bedinger has told so touchingly in a letter that he wrote in 1871 to one of Daniel Bedinger's children that I will give the story in his own words. He says: "My father went to the Hospital in search of his brother, but did not recognize him. On inquiry if there were any (that had been) prisoners there, a feeble voice responded, from a little pile of straw and rags in a corner: 'Yes, Michael, there is one.'

"Overcome by his feelings my father knelt by the side of the poor, emaciated boy, and took him in his arms. He then bore him to a house where he could procure some comforts in the way of food and clothing. After this he got an arm-chair, two pillows, and some leather straps. He placed his suffering and beloved charge in the chair, supported by the pillows, swung him by the leather straps to his back, and carried him some miles into the country, where he found a friendly asylum for him in the house of some good Quakers. There he nursed him, and, by the aid of the kind owners, who were farmers, gave him nourishing food until he partially recovered his strength.

"But your father was very impatient to get home, and wished to proceed before he was well able to walk, and did so leave, while my father walked by his side, with his arm around him to support him. Thus they travelled from the neighborhood of Philadelphia to Shepherdstown, of course by short stages, when my father restored him to the arms of his mother. Your father related some incidents of that trip to me when I last saw him at Bedford (his home) in the spring of 1817, not more than a year before his death.

"Our uncle, Henry Bedinger, was also a prisoner for a long time, and although he suffered greatly, his sufferings were not to be compared to those of your father. After your father recovered his health he again entered the service, and continued in it to the end of the war. He was made lieutenant, and I have heard my father speak of many battles he was in, but I have forgotten the names and places."

Though George Michael did not enlist for the term of the war, he volunteered three or four times for short "tours of duty," as they were called. Thus, in his declaration of services, he says:

"In the month of January, 1777, I volunteered in a company of Volunteer Riflemen commanded by Captain William Morgan of Berkeley County, Virginia. Edward Lucas, William Lucas, and myself were the Lieutenants, all of the same County, and early in the month we marched from Shepherdstown by Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and joined the corps commanded by Colonel Charles M. Thruston of Frederick County, Virginia. We were that winter stationed at different places to guard against encroachments, and plundering parties of the British army by opposing them whenever called on.

"Early in March, perhaps the first day, we fought the battle of Piscataway; served out our full time of three months, when, at the request of General Washington to stay three days longer, the company, who were under my command, the other officers being absent, I had the men called together and stated to them the necessity and propriety of their complying, when the whole company, with the exception of 3 or 4, agreed to stay, and did stay, and was honorably discharged, and allowed a tour of duty, of three months and three days, the three or four excepted."

It was on this occasion that he rescued his young brother. He gives a short account of his proceedings in one of his writings. He says: "When Captain William Morgan's company got to Philadelphia, which I think was about the first of January, 1777, I found my brother, Daniel, with a few others of those soldiers who had been taken with him at Fort Washington, all of them sick, and so much reduced that I think few of them ever got well. I took him a few miles out of the city to a Quaker's house, and left him there until he should be able to be hauled home. Our company had voluntarily entered the service for three months.

* * * In that three months time we were stationed near the enemy's quarters, and kept them from pillaging and foraging as far as we were able. In New Jersey, in the winter of '77, early in March, we had a sharp though short conflict with the enemy, which was called the battle of Piscataway, under the command of Colonel Charles Winston, where we were overpowered by a vastly superior number."

It is told of Major Bedinger that he could never speak of the condition in which he found his young brother, without tears filling his eyes. In speaking of the battle of Piscataway he used to say that Thruston's regiment and others were placed to cut off the enemies' supplies, and prevent plundering parties. The British were quartered at Brunswick, and had not yet left their winter quarters. The battle was near Brunswick, and was between the Americans and a much larger party of British. After the repulse and retreat of the Americans, Major Bedinger, and two others, remained behind and fired upon the advancing foe. Major Bedinger was picking and tightening his flint, when, finally, the three intrepid soldiers were obliged

to consult their own safety, and escaped through the woods, and soon regained the American troops. In this skirmish several were killed, among them Captain Willson and a Mr. Shields. The British overshot, and with their cannon balls broke off many branches of the trees. The ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold. The other two brave men who remained with Bedinger were Captain William Morgan, a veteran of the French and Indian war, and young Christian Bedinger who was the son of Adam Büdinger by his third wife, and consequently a half-uncle of George M. Bedinger. It is possible that Adam Büdinger's third wife was a Morgan. I cannot in any other manner account for the fact that the Bedingers of Shepherdstown called William Morgan, "cousin," unless Adam married a sister of Richard Morgan, the father of Captain William.

"Again," he says, in his written declaration, "a few days after hearing of the defeat of our army at Brandywine, Benoni Swearingen and myself left our homes at Shepherdstown, and went to the American army about 18 miles from Germantown, and entered the service of the United States, as Volunteers in the 12th Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel James Wood (of Frederick County, Va.); being in General Scott's Brigade and General Adam Stephen's Division, and remained in service six weeks, when I was honorably discharged. General Wood stated in this discharge that we, B. Swearingen and myself, had distinguished ourselves in the most brave and extraordinary manner on the day of the battle of Germantown on the 4th of October, 1777. From the time we joined the regiment we messed and associated with the officers, with several of whom we had been long and intimately ac-

quainted, most particularly with Captain Joseph Swearingen (of Shepherdstown) and General Stephen from my infancy. In the morning before the battle, as soon as we got sight of the fore part of the enemy's encampment, next to us as we were going towards them from Chestnut Hill, the Adjutant General addressed us thus: 'Gentlemen Volunteers, you will now have an opportunity to distinguish yourselves, you are not confined to any particular platoon or corps.' These were his words to the best of my recollection, or words to that effect: when Benoni Swearingen and myself immediately advanced with such speed that we soon left our advancing army behind us. Prepared to defend ourselves with our rifles and our swords, we got between the fire of the contending armies, and it was believed by those who saw us advance that we would both be certainly killed, but through fog, smoke, and the mercies of God, we both escaped unhurt (the morning being very foggy and smoky).

"Before we left the army to return home, we were both told we could have appointments in the regiment, but our mothers were widows, and as I had one brother who was a prisoner with the British and another who had been taken prisoner at Fort Washington and whose life was despaired of, I returned home with my worthy companion and well tried friend, Benoni Swearingen, to Shepherdstown.

"For this service we never asked or received any pay, although our horses and our travelling expenses were paid by ourselves, and was sensibly felt by me, as I was in low circumstances."

Benoni Swearingen was a splendid soldier, and was a brother of Captain Joseph Swearingen. He was six feet, five inches in height, and an extremely handsome

young man. He afterwards married Major Bedinger's sister, Sally, and died the 30th of March, 1798, after a long and painful illness, leaving two young children. His wife died in 1792.

The battle of Germantown was fought in a heavy fog. The Americans were at first victorious, but reverses assailed them, and they became confused and entangled in the fog, and at last retreated. The fight around Chew's house, in which several companies of the British had sheltered themselves, was a great cause of delay, and threw the American troops into confusion. This was the battle after which Washington arrested General Adam Stephen, who was suspended for his conduct during the fight.

Adam Stephen was a brave, and had been a most valuable officer, of great service during the French and Indian war. He commanded at Fort Cumberland at that time, and it seems that there had always been a spirit of rivalry between Washington and him. His suspension caused much disaffection among his men, who were many of them veterans of the other wars, and who were unwilling to follow any other leader. Major Bedinger himself thought that he was unjustly removed from the service. General Stephen commanded the left wing in the battle, and, according to Major Bedinger, in the midst of the heavy smoke, a couple of horsemen (afterwards said to be British in American uniform, but that seems improbable,) rode up saying, "For God's sake don't fire, you are killing our own men!" General Stephen immediately ordered the right wing to fall back a short distance out of the smoke and then stand. This was towards evening, and for this he was suspended, as many thought, unjustly. It is said that he was court-martialed on the ground

that he was intoxicated at the time of the fight. The officers, however, according to a tradition in the family, brought in a verdict that "he did not *have more liquor on board than a gentleman ought to carry!*"

At this battle the troops had commenced their march on the afternoon of the 3rd of October, and all the night before the battle they were slowly moving forward. They were much fatigued, by their long march of nineteen miles. The night after the battle, tired as they were, they had to march twenty-seven miles on their retreat.

During nearly all that day Bedinger and Swearingen were near Chew's house, where the hottest firing took place. After the battle Colonel Wood was so well pleased with these two young men that he offered them places as subalterns, which they declined with many thanks, saying that their mothers needed them at home, but that whenever danger threatened they would again fly to their country's rescue. Colonel Wood gave them certificates of honorable discharge, commending their bravery in writing, and declaring that they had signally distinguished themselves in the action.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and expansion. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom.

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CHAPTER V

FIRST VISIT TO KENTUCKY

DURING the following year George Michael busied himself at home. He wished to establish his mother, for greater safety and comfort, in a home in the village of Mecklenburg. Accordingly, having bought a lot of the Shepherds, who owned nearly all of the town, he built her a house; and she moved from the old stone house at the spring of the many names—which is *now* called “The Spring of ’76.” In the spring of 1778 he carried a supply of clothing, blankets, and other comforts to the army at Valley Forge, and remained with them several days. It was probably on this visit that he saw Major John Clark, who had married one of Captain Nicholas Bedinger or Bittenger’s daughters. This gentleman was at the time auditor for the army. He wrote a letter to Henry Bedinger, then a prisoner on parole at Flatbush, Long Island, in which he says:

“Auditor’s Office, April 22nd, 1778.

Dear Harry.

A few days ago your Brother Michael called on me, tarried a night, and left with me one half Johannes and twelve Silver Collars to be sent you: tomorrow I shall visit headquarters and hope to get an opportunity of conveying them and a few lines to your hands, both of which I make no doubt you will find acceptable, tho’ the former will undoubtedly be the most agreeable.
* * * Young Christian Bedinger is now in Morgan’s Corps, doing well,” etc., etc.

A part of the deed of the lot bought in this year from Abraham Shepherd is as follows: "Abraham Shepherd to Michael Bedinger, for the sum of three pounds lawful currency, devises all that lot or quarter of acre of land in the town of Mecklenburg, Number 119, from a stake at the corner between Princess Street and New Street, thence with Princess Street 103 feet to a stake in the same and 103 feet to a stake in New Street. Said lot of quarter of an acre is part of a tract of land containing 222 acres held by Thomas Shepherd as by patent of the 3rd October, 1734." This lot is devised to G. M. Bedinger on condition "that he shall build one good house, 20 feet long and 16 wide, with a stone or brick chimney, within one year of said purchase. Also he shall pay annually the sum of five shillings ground rent, etc., etc."

It would seem from this document that the price of lots in Mecklenburg at this time was usually about fifteen dollars, and that the Shepherds expected ground rent for every lot sold. When this custom of paying ground rent was abolished I cannot tell. It seems also that George Michael, who was a generous soul, must have built the house and bought the lot for his mother out of his own slender resources.

During the winter a party of men from Mecklenburg engaged to go to Kentucky, partly on a surveying expedition, with a view of ultimately settling there. These were hardy, adventurous spirits, whom danger attracted instead of deterring. Kentucky, at this time, was a wilderness, the "dark and bloody ground" of Indian warfare. Daniel Boone had some years before 1779 made a small settlement at Boonesborough, where there was a fort, and there was another at Harrodsburg. But the settlements in Kentucky were very

few, and the lives of the settlers were constantly menaced by fierce tribes of Indians who bitterly resented the intrusion into their favorite hunting-grounds.

It was the first day of April, 1775, that Daniel Boone began the erection of his fort at Boonesborough. Henderson, the famous North Carolinian, had been planning for some time the establishment of a proprietary colony in Kentucky, and early in the year 1776, he, in conjunction with Daniel Boone, began to treat with the Cherokees for the possession of a large tract of land in that wilderness. He had probably been fired to this enterprise by the stories he heard from Boone and other wandering, enterprising spirits, of the beauty and fertility of the country beyond the mountains. The result of the efforts of these men was to establish several small settlements, not far apart, and all on or near the Kentucky River. Henderson had made some sort of a treaty with some of the chiefs of the Cherokees before undertaking this enterprise, but these warriors warned him that he would have difficulty in settling the country. It was they who gave it the name of "a dark and bloody ground," directly in the pathway of the northwestern tribes when on their way to attack their southern enemies. One chief declared that he saw a black cloud menacing the unhappy land, and indeed his warning was fully justified by the many massacres that followed, in which almost every plantation in Kentucky received its baptism in blood. Yet such was the beauty of the new country that many hardy pioneers began to crowd into it, even during the Revolution.

There was a station at Crab Orchard besides those already mentioned. A Baptist preacher, Rev. William Hickman, visited Harrodsburg in 1776, and describes

it as "a poor town, with a couple of rows of Smoky cabins," tenanted by families of backwoods settlers, and swarming with children.

Our band of adventurers from Mecklenburg reached Boonesborough by Boone's Trace, afterwards the famous Wilderness Road, almost every rood of which has been marked by some exciting adventure. George Michael may have had some idea of settling permanently in this new world, for he took with him fully a quart of apple seeds. He afterwards gave these to an old negro man named Monk, who belonged to a man named Estill, to raise trees upon shares. He made a fine nursery, and although Major Bedinger received nothing for them, they were a great benefit to the country.

Major Bedinger was a surveyor, though it is not clear at what time he studied for this profession. He, however, located and surveyed many thousands of acres in Kentucky during his younger days. Henderson's association was called the Watauga Land Company. They are said to have secured from the Cherokees, for 200 pounds sterling, the land they had already leased.

But to return to Boonesborough. Daniel Boone was joined by Henderson and his party while he was engaged in erecting his fort at that station, in April, 1776. These immediately set to work to finish it.

The fort was a parallelogram, about two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. At each corner was a two-storied block house; inside were well-built log-cabins, so constructed that their outer sides formed part of the wall. The entire enclosure was surrounded by high stockades, made of heavy timbers thrust upright into the ground,

and bound together by a horizontal stringer. Each cabin was separately defensible, and in times of danger the horses and cattle were driven into the open square in the middle of the enclosure.

The other stations, Harrodstown, Boiling Springs, and Logan's Station, all lay to the southwest and about thirty miles from Boonesborough. Each settler had his own farm, sometimes a long distance from one of these forts, to which his family retreated only in times of danger. Henderson called his new colony Transylvania, and opened a store at Boonesborough where powder and lead and many other necessities were sold. For awhile the settlers lived entirely on game, with a little parched corn meal.

Henderson's colony was shortlived, as the settlers revolted against his authority, and appealed to Virginia, who promptly claimed all the Kentucky country for herself. The Virginia Legislature of 1778 annulled the title of the company, but recompensed the originators by a gift of two hundred thousand acres.

In the fall of 1775 some daring pioneers joined the settlement, among them the famous scout, Simon Kenton; John Todd, a man of noble character; George Rogers Clark, afterwards so famous; and Isaac Shelby, a noted backwoodsman of the day, born near Hagerstown, Maryland. Some of these settlers brought their wives and children. These were the Harrods, Boones, McGarrys, Hogans, and others. McGarry's son was killed by the Indians soon after he came to Kentucky, and he never spared a Redskin who fell into his hands.

By the end of 1775 there were about three hundred men in Kentucky, hardy, brave, and daring, ready for any emergency. During the Revolution the British left no means untried to stir up the hornets' nest of the

savage tribes; and the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Chickasaws began to fall upon and murder the frontiersmen wherever they found them. We will not here describe their ravages in the Watuaga settlement of Tennessee, which was previous to their attacks on the Kentucky villages. It is sufficient to say that by 1776 it had become dangerous for the Kentuckians to wander far from their forts, and that all agricultural work was carried on under the protection of an armed guard. Yet they were a light-hearted people, and the young men and women danced and flirted as they do elsewhere.

Clark was sent by the Colony to represent them in the Virginia Assembly, and he procured the admission of Kentucky as a county of that State. Early in 1777 the county was accordingly organized. Harrodstown was made the county seat, and the court was composed of six or seven men appointed by the governor of Virginia. Among them were John Todd, Benjamin Logan, Richard Calloway, and John Floyd, the last a finely educated gentleman who was among the first to fall a victim to Indian massacre.

On the 14th of July, 1776, the Indians carried away from Boonesborough three young girls who were in a canoe on the river near that place. These were Betsy and Fanny Calloway, and Jemima Boone. Boone promptly went in pursuit of the party, which did not number more than seven warriors, and he took with him seven men from the fort, among them the lovers of the three girls, named Samuel Henderson, a brother of Richard; John Holder, and Flanders Calloway.

Betsy Calloway, feeling sure that they would be followed and rescued, broke off twigs and tore pieces of her garments to mark the path by which they were

conveyed. On the next day after their capture the Kentuckians came upon the party as they sat around their camp fire and stole up before they had time to murder their prisoners, as their custom was when surprised. Boone and Floyd each shot one of the Indians, and the remaining three ran away, leaving their guns, tomahawks, and scalping knives behind.

In 1777 Boonesborough, held by only twenty-two men, was twice attacked: once in April and again in July, by bands of from fifty to a hundred savages. On the first occasion the garrison was taken by surprise, one man was scalped and four otherwise wounded, yet they managed to beat the invaders back. The second time they had only sixteen men, but they again beat off their assailants and killed five or six of them. Boone, Captain John Todd, and Stoner were among the wounded in the first attack.

All through the year the settlements were in great danger, especially when any necessary agricultural work had to be performed. On one occasion a body of thirty-seven whites from the different stations were attacked, and seven were killed or wounded, though they finally beat off the Indians.

In spite of dangers and hardships they were a merry set, and even ventured to marry and hold other festivities at the fort. They planted corn, pumpkins, and melons, and their numbers constantly increased. In the fall of 1777 several companies of immigrants joined them, and although most of the smaller settlements were broken up, there still remained four: Boonesboro', Harrodstown, Logan's Station, and McGarry's, at the Shawnee Springs. These contained in all about six hundred settlers, half of them able-bodied riflemen.

In January, 1778, Boone and twenty-nine others went to the Blue Licks, to make salt for the settlers. In February he sent back three men with loads of salt, when he and all the others were surprised and taken captive by a party of eighty Miamis led by two Frenchmen. Boone was well treated and remained a captive for several months. In June he learned that a large party was gathering at an Indian town called Chilli-cothe, to march against Boonesboro'. He determined to escape, set out before sunrise one morning, and made his way in four days back to the settlement, a journey of a hundred and sixty miles.

The savages did not make their appearance before the fort until the 8th of August. They numbered between three and four hundred, and were led by a Frenchman, Captain de Quindre. After nine days fighting, in which the settlers had two men killed and four wounded, the Indians withdrew. Next followed Clarke's conquest of the Illinois, which did much to secure the safety of the settlers.

I have been thus particular in describing the state of the Kentucky settlers in 1779 because Major Bedinger spent so much of his life among them. I will now return to his expedition of 1779.

This little band of pioneers from Virginia had been preceded by friends and relatives from the neighborhood, and some of the people of Berkeley and Frederick Counties had taken part in Clarke's campaigns. Among these were Captain Worthington and Captain Bowman.

The Bowmans, so famous in early Kentucky history, were among the first settlers of the Shenandoah Valley. Jacob Bowman had married a daughter of Jost Hite in Pennsylvania, and his was one of the sixteen families brought by that gentleman across the Pack

The first of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator. This is due to the centrifugal force of rotation, which tends to pull the material of the earth outwards at the equator and inwards at the poles.

The second of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect fluid, but is composed of solid and liquid layers. The solid layers are the crust and the mantle, and the liquid layer is the core. The crust is the outermost layer, and is composed of rocks and minerals. The mantle is the layer below the crust, and is composed of molten rock. The core is the innermost layer, and is composed of molten iron and nickel.

The third of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator. This is due to the centrifugal force of rotation, which tends to pull the material of the earth outwards at the equator and inwards at the poles.

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The sixth of these is the fact that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles and bulged at the equator. This is due to the centrifugal force of rotation, which tends to pull the material of the earth outwards at the equator and inwards at the poles.

Horse Ford in 1734. The Bowmans built a stone house on Cedar Creek, and afterwards, about 1777, emigrated to the new land of Kentucky. We will often hear of the doings of the Bowmans as we go on.

It was on the first day of March, 1779, that the little party of adventurers left Shepherdstown. It consisted of Colonel William Morgan and his son, Ralph; Major Thomas Swearingen and his brother, Benoni; John Taylor, John Strode, James Duncan, John Constant, Samuel Dusee, G. M. Bedinger, and two negroes, belonging to the Swearingens—a party of twelve. They went by way of Powell's Valley, and Cumberland Gap. Then they struck Boone's Trace, or the Wilderness Road, and proceeded on to Boonesboro'. Each man had a supply of parched corn, and they depended on their rifles for their other food. At this time Boonesboro' was still greatly annoyed by parties of marauding Indians.

The little party was composed of skilled woodsmen, and probably made light of the difficulties of the way, as they plodded on, mile after mile; crossing mountains and streams on the long march; lying down to rest by camp fires at night, and keeping little guard.

At Boonesboro', meanwhile, the garrison had dwindled to not more than fifteen men, for, intimidated by the life of hardship and danger, a party of ten men under Captain Starns left the place about the 6th of April, intending to find their way back to civilization.

Neither Boone nor Calloway were at the fort, and a man named John Holder commanded it. The small garrison entreated Starns and his party not to leave them, pointing out the dangers that lay before them, as well as urging their own defenceless condition, thus abandoned by so considerable a force. But nothing

would stop the men. When they left the fort it seems that the Indians, lurking about it, and constantly spying on all their movements, divided in two parties: twenty or thirty followed on the trail behind Starns, while a smaller portion remained near the Fort.

About the sixth of April Morgan's party were within fifteen miles of Boonesboro', when, very luckily for them, they missed the path; and wandered along through the thick, tall cane-brake half a mile or so before they again struck the trail. A short distance before they found the path they noticed that their horses snorted and seemed much frightened. They shortly afterwards discovered the fresh tracks of a party of about thirty persons, picked up a piece of a broken bow, and saw other signs of Indians, made by what the settlers called "the pigeon great toe" of these savages. They were fully convinced that a party of Indians going south had, but a half hour before, passed along the trail while they were groping through the cane-brake.

The party continued on their way through the forest until dusk, when they were within six miles of Boonesboro'. Here they made camp, when one of the "youngsters," as the elder men called Benoni Swearingen and George Michael, proposed that, for safety, they should go off the main track, and sleep without fires. But Colonel Morgan, with one exception the oldest man of the party, an experienced Indian fighter, who had been with Braddock in Captain Richard Morgan's company, drily remarked that, "They need not trouble themselves, for they wouldn't die till their time come!"

The others not wishing to be thought cowardly, did not insist on moving to a distance. They made their horses fast to saplings, cut armfulls of rich, juicy cane

for them, made a large fire, ate their supper, and wrapped up in their blankets, were soon fast asleep. Next morning they arose and proceeded on their way, when, to their astonishment, they found traces of an Indian party who had been attracted by the blaze of their fire, and seeing their horses so boldly encamped near the trail, had evidently decided that a trap had been laid for them by the whites, and feared to approach.

When the little party reached Boonesboro' they were welcomed with joy and relief by the poor beleaguered people. With Holder were about fifteen men, only; and next to Holder in influence were Captain David Gass and Col. Samuel Estill.

The night before, Samuel Estill and another spy had gone out to discover the lurking place of the Indians. About sunset, when they were within a mile or two of the fort, they saw the Indian party at a short distance, and immediately dodged into the thick cane. The Indians scattered in pursuit; one passed within a few paces of Estill, who lay crouched in the cane with his rifle ready to his hand. Estill felt confident that the Indian looked him full in the face; at all events the savage bounded away, and both of the white men reached the fort in safety.

Not more than two hours after the arrival of Morgan's party, a young man named Jacob Starns burst in upon them, with the terrible tidings that the Indians had attacked his father's party on the night before, about twenty-five miles from Boonesboro', and that he alone had escaped the massacre.

This was Major Bedinger's introduction to Fort Boonesboro'.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT BOONESBORO'

THE party at the fort were kept besieged nearly all that spring. The Indians would seldom show themselves, or venture within range, but lay constantly in wait to cut off small parties that left on hunting or other excursions.

The garrison resorted to every available means to induce them to come near enough to risk themselves, but were not very successful. On one occasion they are said to have tied an old man by the heel in a pumpkin patch, and laid in wait near by, hoping the Indians would come within rifle shot, but the savages saw the snare, and laughed at the white man's idea that they would suffer themselves to be trapped like wolves.

"Each night," says Dr. Draper, "a horse was placed a proper distance from the fort, with one of his hind feet securely fastened to the root of a sapling, and three good marksmen in ambush near by. One night a small party of Indians, seeing the horse, made up to him, but half suspecting the rat in the meal tub, they cleared out and thus narrowly escaped. These Indians remarked to their fellows that the Long Knives must be fools to think of catching them like so many beaver. A white prisoner who heard the remark, soon afterwards escaped and reached Boonesboro', where he related the circumstance."

In May nearly all the men in the fort went out and commenced preparations for raising a crop of corn. At this time George M. Bedinger and his friend Benoni, made their first survey in Kentucky. They

located 400 acres on the west fork of Muddy Creek in Madison County, a work of great danger. One or the other of them cut the date, May 17th, 1779, on a sycamore tree on this land, where it could still be found many years after.

The season passed for these intrepid men with enough excitement to give zest to life; with laughter, jest, and dancing in the fort; and perilous hair-breadth escapes outside, and sometimes—too often—the note of real tragedy was struck, widows were made, and there were days of mourning and lamentation for staunch friends cut down or carried away to dwell among the savages.

There were not lacking amusing incidents and rough horse-play. "Among the new comers to Boonesboro' in the spring was a simple-hearted fellow," says Dr. Draper, "who knew little of the backwoods or its wild inhabitants. When out one day near the fort, some waggish companion pointed out to him a polecat with the assurance that it was a young cub. Wishing doubtless to distinguish himself by a bold and daring exploit, he made a dash at young bruin, intending to make him his prisoner. It is hardly necessary to add, that he of the white and black spots suddenly and effectually worsted his adversary, to the infinite amusement of the onlookers. Subsequent experience, added to a genuine love of daring, made this simple-hearted recruit one of the bravest and best of hunters and Indian fighters in the country."

It was George Michael Bedinger's innate chivalry and compassion that induced him to remain at Fort Boonesboro' until the greatest danger was passed. He tells us in his own words:

"When we arrived at Boonesboro' the distress of the

Fort induced me to join Captain John Holder's Company, who was in command of the Fort at that time, in which company and service, I served seven months. A part of the time I acted as an Indian spy, scout and hunter, always taking my turn with the other men of the Fort as hunter. To this course I was induced by the feeling of humanity and sympathy for women and children who were unable to leave the country, and who, if they had attempted it, would have been sacrificed by the Indians, who were constantly scouring the country round the Fort, and would have, in all probability, taken it, had we not joined it when we did. I have ever considered this service at this place and during this term, as the most difficult, dangerous, and at the same time the most useful to my country, as we were almost constantly surrounded by parties of Indians, who were lying in wait for us, and as we had to supply ourselves and the inhabitants of the Post, mainly by the success of our hunting excursions, to effect which we had to slip out at night, retire to some distance from the Fort, kill our game, which was generally Buffalo, and pack it in some succeeding night, and by our exertions the possession of Boonesboro' was retained, and the lives of the inhabitants preserved."

One of the bravest of the hunters at Boonesboro' that season was a young man named Aquila White, yet his lack of prudence, and unnecessary exposure to danger were more thoughtless than wise. John Cradlebaugh, a noble young fellow, as cautious as he was brave, seeing White and another young man wending their way of a summer afternoon to have a swim in the river, concluded he would see if he could not, by a little stratagem, put an end to this heedless imprudence.

"Soliciting the aid of a fellow hunter," says Dr. Draper, "with their guns and blankets, and a small quantity of paint, they made their way to a ford up the river, crossed, bedaubed their faces with paint, and adjusted their blankets in good Indian style, and stole upon their unsuspecting comrades bathing in the stream near the north shore.

"A little rustling sound among the bushes attracted the attention of White and his companion, who looked with stupid amazement upon the supposed Indians. Whenever Cradlebaugh would level his rifle, White, with the quickness of a wild duck, would make a great splashing in the water, and swim towards the southern shore. Then, when he could stand it no longer, he would rise to the surface to take breath, and Cradlebaugh's threatening rifle would again cause him to seek safety beneath the surface of the river. In this way White finally neared the southern shore; and his comrade, filled with the greatest consternation, swam the stream, but so weak was he from fear that in ascending the bank he fell backwards, and had they been actual Indians neither White nor his fellow would have escaped.

"On their return some of the garrison expressed their doubts whether White and his companion really saw any Indians.

"'Oh, yes, we did,' said White, 'and one of them had large eyes like Cradlebaugh.'"

"The garrison was greatly alarmed, and a party went out in pursuit. Cradlebaugh and his friend washed the paint from their faces and secretly returned to the Fort in time to join in search of the Indians. For a long time the two young men kept their secret. White, who was one of the best hunters

in the Fort, and often brought in more than his share of meat, was finally killed while on a hunting tour north of Kentucky river."

In the garrison the men took turn in hunting, being divided, for this purpose, into squads of four or five each. One party was composed of the two Swearingen brothers, Ralph Morgan, John Hameson, and George M. Bedinger. They used to steal out from the Fort singly at dusk, and join each other at an appointed place. On one occasion they crossed the river, met at the rendezvous, went on a few miles, and then camped without daring to light a fire.

Next morning a fine young buffalo crossed their path, and it was proposed that they should kill it for breakfast. This was contrary to all rules, and very risky, as the Indians were constantly spying on all their movements, and the usual plan was to kill game only at night and at a safe distance. On this occasion the oldest of the party, Major Thomas Swearingen, reproached them for their boyishness, and told them that their scalps would be sure to pay the penalty of their thoughtlessness. He added that they ought to show more fortitude and self-denial, and act like men.

"Well, Brother Tom," said Benoni, "I'll tell you what it is, we'll see who the *boys* are, and who has most self-denial; for you shall be the first to say when we shall slay and eat."

The third day out, and no buffalo; suddenly a fine deer passed temptingly close, and Major Swearingen could stand it no longer, and very readily ordered "the boys" to fire. They killed it, then quickly stripped it of its hide, kindled a little fire in a low, concealed place, and soon had a delicious supper of venison steak, a handful or two of parched corn meal, the only provi-

sion they carried with them, and a little salt. Except for short allowances of meal, they had eaten nothing for three days, so their simple fare seemed a banquet. That same evening they succeeded in killing a noble young buffalo. While some of them dressed it the others stood guard, and in fifteen minutes they were ready to proceed homewards, each with about a hundred pounds of meat clear of bone, placed either in a bag brought with them, or one made from the buffalo hide—and each hide usually made two of these bags—hastily stitched together with tugs, or strips of hide. The meat would be swung across their horses, and then, taking the ridges, they would start for Boonesboro', which, on this occasion, was about fifteen miles distant.

"Their great danger," says Dr. Draper, "was in nearing the Fort, for they knew from the two or three deserted fresh Indian camps they had seen, the distant reports of their guns, and other fresh signs, that there were different parties prowling about. On the north side of the Kentucky river, opposite to the Fort, were high cliffs, where the Indians were in the habit of secreting themselves to watch the movements in the garrison. But they managed to steal up in some unfrequented way and get into the gate before these Indian sentinels discovered them."

These hunting parties were sometimes absent six or eight days, though generally not so long, and would ramble off many miles. A man named Hodges killed a buffalo at the Lower Blue Licks in the summer of '79, packed two hundred weight of choice pieces of meat on a fine, strong horse, and, although forty miles from Boonesboro', made his way in that night, and arrived in safety.

In this life of constant peril many of the pioneers of Kentucky perished. On one occasion a man named John Bankman begged Major Bedinger and James Berry to go with him to catch his horse, that had escaped from the neighborhood of the fort. They had proceeded about half a mile alongside a corn field which lay adjoining the river above the fort, when they were surprised and fired on by a party of Indians in ambush. Three balls pierced Bankman through the heart. Bedinger and Berry dashed into the cane-brake at different points, and escaped unhurt. Bankman's body, stripped of his scalp, was afterwards brought in to the fort for burial.

While at the fort Major Bedinger heard full accounts of the siege it had sustained in 1778. He told Dr. Draper that the French and Indians tried to undermine the stockade by digging a subterranean ditch near Henderson's house. De Quindre, the French commander, set a trap for Boone on that occasion. He sent a messenger to the fort to assure him that his orders from Detroit were to capture, not destroy, the garrison, and proposed that nine of their number should come out and hold a treaty. He agreed to march his forces off peaceably when this treaty was concluded.

Boone accepted the proposal but insisted that the conference should be held within sixty yards of the fort. After the treaty was concluded the Indians proposed to shake hands with the nine white men, and promptly grappled with them. Apparently there were eighteen Indians on the treaty ground all unarmed, like the whites. But the pioneers wrested themselves free, and ran to the fort under a heavy fire, which wounded one of them, old John Smith, in the heel.

The men who went out to hold this conference with their treacherous enemies were Daniel Boone, his brother, Squire Boone; John Smith, Sr., and his nephew of the same name; Colonel Calloway, Captain Gass, perhaps the other Boone, and one of the Proc-tors.

The Indians remained laying siege to the fort ten or eleven days. They would march up to it in good order, and demand a surrender, promising good treatment to the inmates.

There was but one well in the fort and the supply of water was scanty. The Indians fired fire arrows and endeavored many times to set the buildings on fire. Sometimes they were successful, but the borderers took some old gun barrels, and converted them into squirt guns, by means of which they extinguished the fires, and at last the Indians, who seldom have patience to sustain a long siege, went away, and left them in peace.

To return to 1779: Major Bedinger, while at the fort, was appointed commissary. One of his duties was to deal out that precious commodity, salt, which had been brought up from North Carolina for the use of the settlers. Of this he had to keep a strict account.

Besides venison, buffalo beef, and other game, the pioneers sometimes shot hogs, which ran wild in the woods. These were the progeny of a drove that had been brought out by Boone—true razor-backs. They had become so wild and fierce that even the wolves dared not attack them. Now and then one would be killed by the hunters, salted, and placed in the warehouse, and kept for use when the supplies of fresh meat failed.

CHAPTER VII

BOWMAN'S CAMPAIGN

WE have already spoken of the Bowmans, who were among the first settlers in Frederick County, Virginia. In 1777 or 1778 some of the family moved to Kentucky. Three or four of George Bowman's sons were with George Rogers Clarke in his famous expedition into the country of the Illinois. In 1779 one of these, with the rank of colonel, was appointed county lieutenant of Kentucky, then a county of Virginia. He and a number of the men of the different settlements determined to make a raid into the Indian country and burn their villages, as the best means of stopping their constant depredations. Of course Major Bedinger volunteered his services for this expedition, for he was always on hand when danger threatened.

The party from Fort Boonesboro' was commanded by Captain John Holder. About twenty-five of the men were from the fort; and Holder recruited the rest of his company from the other stations. They marched to what is now Lexington, and then on to the mouth of Licking. When near the mouth of this river one of the party rambled off to hunt, and while clambering up a hill, discovered a buffalo below him. In attempting to run, the buffalo fell, when the hunter ran up, bounded on its back, and actually killed it with his long hunting knife. This achievement was greatly applauded by the borderers.

The place of rendezvous was the mouth of Licking, where the party from the fort were joined by Colonel Bowman and his men, and also by a party who started

from the falls of the Ohio, under Colonel William Harrod. This last party of about seventy men were from the neighborhood of Red Stone Old Fort (now Brownsville, Pa.) on the Monongahela, and had visited Kentucky to locate lands down the Ohio. On their way up from the falls they had visited Big Bone Lick and had brought a large quantity of the bones of the mastodon in a canoe, which they intended to carry back with them to Pittsburg. It was the presence of these men in the country and their promised aid which had emboldened the settlers to carry out the expedition.

The whole party consisted of about one hundred and sixty men. They halted at the mouth of Licking a day or two to make necessary arrangements and then the little army took up its line of march, up the valley of the Little Miami.

"Soon after commencing the march," says Dr. Draper, who obtained his information from the lips of George M. Bedinger, "Major B. was introduced for the first time to Colonel Bowman, who, having heard that Bedinger had seen service to the eastward, desired him to act as Adjutant and Quarter-master, to which he readily consented."

During the march, and when pursuing a trail in Indian file, they passed a rattlesnake by the side of the path, unobserved, and the man who brought up the rear was bitten by the reptile, and sent back to the boats which a few men had been left to guard. He was sent down to the falls.

The party met no Indians. When they were within eight or ten miles of the Indian town it was growing late, and a council was held to determine upon the mode of attack. The troops were divided into three

parties; one under Logan, one under James Harrod, and the third under Captain Holder. Logan, with his own and Harrod's company, was to go to the left of the town; James Harrod with Bowman to the right; and Holder in front. They were to take their positions as early in the night as possible. Between Logan's and Harrod's companies a space was designed to be left through which the Indians, when roused from their cabins, could escape; it being deemed better policy to suffer them first to get out of the town, and then fall upon them, rather than surround them completely and compel them to take to their cabins and council-house, from which, as the sequel proved, they might make a successful stand. These arrangements made, the march was resumed with proper care and secrecy.

Each party posted itself as originally designed, Logan on the left between the town and the Miami, Harrod on the right, and Holder directly in front of the town, in the high grass.

It was early in the night when the town was reached and the three parties took up their positions. All was still until midnight, when an Indian came running in on the trail the troops had made. He had evidently, when out hunting, discovered the signs of a large party of whites invading the country and directing their course towards the Shawnee town of Chillicothe on the Little Miami, and was on his way, hoping to be in time to give the alarm. As he neared Holder's party, panting and weary, he suddenly suspected the trap into which he was running, stopped and made a kind of interrogative ejaculation, as much as to say, "Who's there?" when one of the party, named Ross, shot him. On this he gave a weak, confused yell, and falling to the ground, Jacob Starns, the boy whose

father had been murdered a few months before, ran up, scalped, and tomahawked him. The noise of the rifle shot alarmed the village; the dogs began to bark furiously, and the squaws, with cries and whimperings, were heard to exclaim, "Kentuck! Kentuck!"

Finding themselves surprised, and their town surrounded, the Indians fled in dismay to the large council-house near the centre of the place. Holder's party lay close awhile, until six or seven of the Indians came out their way to ascertain the cause of the alarm. Then some of Holder's men tried to steal upon them, approaching cautiously with their arms recovered, and one behind the other, cocking their rifles as they approached. This slight sound alarmed the Indians, who stopped, fired upon them, and fled. Holder's party fired a volley after them, and wounded some of them, as they could tell by the blood left behind.

In the hurry of the moment these men now rushed into the town, killed a few dogs, and perhaps some Indians. At this point the Monongahelians set up a loud shouting within plain hearing of the council-house, saying that "If there were any prisoners with the Indians they had better escape; that the Kentuckians were strong, and all that stayed in the council-house would be killed before morning."

Some of Harrod's and Logan's men now ran into the town, occasional shots were interchanged, but most of the party were busily engaged searching the deserted cabins, as if victory was already attained. They found a large number of silver ornaments, and a quantity of clothing; and also a fine scarlet vest and double-barrelled gun that were the property of the renegade white man, Simon Girty. These articles

were recognized by a soldier who had lately been a prisoner among the Shawnees.

During this scene Logan attempted to make a moveable battery to break into the council-house, but his plan failed. The Indians in that building prepared to defend it. They cut portholes, and their leader, Black Fish, could be plainly heard encouraging his warriors. Among the soldiers were several who had been prisoners among the Shawnees and understood their language. These heard him say, "Remember that you are men and warriors. You must fight and be strong. Your enemies, who have invaded your firesides, are only Kentucky squaws. You can easily conquer them!" and so on.

To all this they would subscribe by a kind of simultaneous and rapidly spoken guttural affirmative, very much like, "Ye-aw, Ye-aw, Ye-aw!" After the white men had sacked the huts they left the village, and began to hunt up the Indian horses outside the town.

A little party of fifteen, among whom were George Michael Bedinger, Jesse Hodges, Thomas and Jack Smith, and one or two of the Proctors, had screened themselves behind a large oak log not over forty paces from the council-house, and there awaited the approach of daylight. They expected a prompt and vigorous attack would be made on the council-house as soon as it was light. But in this they were doomed to disappointment. There was some firing from some parties on the left, where Logan's men had been stationed, but no concerted action. A man of the company, William Hickman of Virginia, who had served with Bedinger under Captain Stephenson at the siege of Boston, and who during Dunmore's War, was strongly suspected of having stealthily killed a white

man below Pittsburg, now met his fate. He was seen, in the early dawn, peeping around the corner of a cabin to the left of Bedinger's party, was shot by the Indians in the council-house, and died instantly. He had said the evening before that he had a presentiment that he would be killed in the expected attack in the morning.

Bedinger and his little band continued to lie close behind their rude and uncertain breastwork. The log was oak, over two feet in diameter, and it lay a little up from the ground. Grass and weeds grew thickly beneath and around it. All the party could have been easily killed had the Indians shot under it. As it was, whenever a Kentuckian raised his head or in any way exposed himself to get a better shot, several instantaneous cracks from the enemy's portholes would tell how closely they were watching the old oak log, and every movement of those whom it screened.

Several were soon killed, though repeatedly cautioned by Bedinger not to expose themselves. Tom Smith, who lay directly to Bedinger's left, eager to get an effective shot, ventured to raise himself. Bedinger had hardly exclaimed, "Down with your head!" when Smith was shot in the forehead, and with a single groan fell down, partly upon his side. His younger brother Jack, a boy of seventeen, who was on Bedinger's other side, shed tears, and asked him if he could not place his brother in a position in which he could die easier. This could not safely be done, but he expired in a few minutes.

By this time seven of the fifteen behind the log had been killed, besides Hickman at the corner of the cabin; and still the survivors waited for their friends to make a regular and combined attack. But they waited in vain.

About nine o'clock Colonel Bowman appeared, partly sheltered by a hill some two hundred yards to the right of Bedinger's party, and waving his hand, exclaimed, at the top of his voice: "Make your escape, Make your escape! I can do nothing for you!"

Bedinger then told his surviving companions to put their hats on sticks and raise them to draw the fire, and then all jump and run for their lives, dodging and running zig-zag, and make for a few scattered trees some sixty or seventy yards to the left, but still within reach of the Indians' fire.

It seems that the Indians understood the orders of Bowman, and a few were scattering out of the council-house. No time was to be lost. Bedinger counted, "One, two, three, now!" and started, jumping through the grass, frog-like, first in one direction and then in another; sometimes seizing a sapling violently to aid in throwing himself to some distant and opposite point. All the while bullets whistled past, like hail-stones, but being strong and remarkably supple, singularly enough he escaped them all, and reached a tree behind which he sheltered himself for a moment's rest. Upon looking back he was surprised to see that none had followed his example; but after all, they acted wisely, for by this time, and it was all the work of a moment, the Indians had discharged their rifles, and before they could re-load the whole party were beyond their reach, without receiving any damage. The retreat was as successful as it was singular.

Just before leaving the friendly old log Bedinger saw his great friend, Ralph Morgan, behind a tree to the left, fighting "on his own hook," in true Indian style. Every now and then the party in the council-house would pay him their respects, making the bark

fly merrily from the trunk of the tree. Bedinger called to him that he was needlessly exposing himself, and had better get out of the way of danger. He took his friend's advice, and got away unharmed.

By this time the Indians had sent out runners to the neighboring villages for assistance, and there was great danger that the disorderly and disorganized party would be surrounded and massacred. A negro woman came running from the council-house to Logan's party, still stationed on the left, and told them she was a prisoner who had managed to escape to warn them that Girty was at the Pickaway town, some eight or ten miles distant, with a hundred of his Mingo warriors, and would soon come to cut off their escape.

This woman was very evidently sent by the Indians on purpose to deceive the white men, but, notwithstanding the evidence of stratagem the manœuvre bore on its face, the tidings spread among the troops, and the Monongahelians, who did not seem to like the idea of fighting, were not slow to magnify the number of the expected re-inforcement of the enemy under Girty, and in this way one hundred soon reached the terrible number of six hundred. In the confusion, the negro woman disappeared, sure evidence that her tale was fabricated. Indeed it was most likely that Girty was himself in the council-house at the time.

When Bedinger and his little party reached their friends they found them partly behind the hill, within long rifle shot of the council-house. In a confused mass, some distance still farther south, were some three hundred horses, guarded by a large number of men.

Colonel Bowman told Major Bedinger the officers could not control these men, and that he could do

nothing with them. He appealed to him to speak to them, and endeavor to restore order among them. Bedinger harangued them, saying: "Men, it is not a question now of how much we can get, but of our lives. The Indians are gathering in force here, and I saw them send off runners to the other towns. In a little while there will be an overpowering force of Indians about us. The only hope is to get back to the river as fast as we can, and we must obey orders, or all will be killed."

The men saw the reasonableness of this, and they organized. They formed a hollow square in which they put the horses and the wounded, and started on their retreat. This was about a mile from the hill. He then ordered them to form in a line of battle, just behind the brow of the hill, which, with here and there a tree, served as a protection. Here they were to make a stand and check the Indians, who advanced as they retreated, sheltering behind the scattering trees, and firing on the Kentuckians.

Not more than a fourth of the men could be induced to form, and as the others were scampering off out of harm's way, these could not long be expected to expose themselves. Here and there some brave spirit would venture a chance shot at the distant foe; the more timid would every now and then dart off singly and in squads. After awhile the few who remained, seeing the foolhardiness of attempting to maintain their ground unaided and unprotected, joined the others in the retreat. Bedinger, who, as adjutant, and in the absence of any movement on the part of Colonel Bowman, had assumed the command and formed the line, was not a little mortified at the needless consternation that seemed to pervade the troops. He had hoped to

have made a stand and to have defeated the enemy in open battle. When the last of the line commenced retreating he was fortunate enough to find his horse and moved on with the rest.

In a short time he overtook his old friend and companion-in-arms, at the siege of Boston, William Oldham, who had been with Morgan's Riflemen in the disastrous attack on Quebec. He consulted with him and then ordered the officers to form their respective companies in single file, Logan's command to the right, Harrod's to the left, and Holder's in the centre; the three lines about 30 paces apart; with orders for Holder's line, when the word "Halt!" was given, to divide, one half to fall back and close the rear; while the other portion was as quickly to close the front, thus forming a hollow square. This order was effected, and the men formed, about a mile from the hill. In this order these three divisions moved rapidly, without much molestation from the Indians. Some three, four, or five miles were gained, and they came to a creek, which they easily forded on foot, for most of the men were unmounted, when Bedinger, who was in the rear, on reaching the elevated ground on the southern bank, looking back perceived a shaking in the grass and herbage in the flat on the opposite side, and soon after some of the enemy were seen attempting to cross the creek. He therefore ordered a halt, forty or fifty rods south of the stream. Holder's company, according to the plan agreed on, closed the front and rear. Until now the drove of horses, with a suitable guard for their protection, had been driven in front, and as the mares were frequently separated from their colts, there was much neighing. All the horses were now placed within the hollow square. The ground for making a

st^t and was very judiciously chosen: it was elevated, and with enough trees and fallen timber to serve for the protection of the men. There had evidently been a windfall, and some of the trees were piled upon each other, affording a very desirable shelter from the enemy's fire. The men were ordered to shelter themselves as well as they could, without too much breaking ranks; some accordingly treed, while others screened themselves behind the fallen timber.

It was now about half-past ten in the forenoon. The firing and yelling of the Indians were first heard in front, and soon all around; with the loud and distinct voice of Black Fish heard first in one direction and then in another, encouraging his braves, telling them to "Be strong! be strong! Now we have the Kentuck surrounded, not one must escape!"

"Whenever the well-known voice of their beloved war-chief was heard," says Dr. Draper, "their hearty responses, and reiterated whoops made the woods resound. Their number was small—perhaps it did not exceed fifty—but they remedied their deficiency in numbers by stratagem and agility. While at one point, Black Fish, the life and soul of his people, was thus exhorting his warriors, telling them to 'load well and shoot sure,' in another direction a little squad would feign to have killed some unfortunate 'Kentuck,' and raise with their shrill voices their customary scalp yell, alike to encourage their friends, and strike terror to the hearts of their foes.

"The Indians were careful not to expose themselves, but would creep up as near as they could with safety, fire, and skulk away to re-load and renew the zig-zag fight. Whenever the Kentuckians, on the other hand, fancied they saw the trembling of some distant

ter of bushes, or the nodding of the tall grass, though it may have been only stirring in the breeze, they would fire upon the suspected covert."

This singular contest lasted nine hours, and was comparatively bloodless. The Kentuckians, without positive evidence, claimed to have made several effectual shots, and lost, it is believed, some one or two killed, and perhaps as many were slightly wounded.

It was now past sundown. Bedinger went to Colonel Bowman and said: "The men are sinking with fatigue and hunger, and the Indian force is increasing. Something must be done at once. It is necessary to rush them."

Bowman, who seemed disheartened, answered, "Do as you please; I don't know what to do."

Major Bedinger then said: "We must rush upon them on foot with tomahawks in hand, dodging as we run, to avoid their fire, then, with ours reserved, we can dash upon them and force them to retreat."

Accordingly, telling some of the bravest of his fellows to try to single out and silence Black Fish, he called out: "Come, boys, let's rush them. Get your tomahawks ready, and reserve your fire."

He then made off in the direction of the well-known voice of Black Fish, and leading the way, a party of forty or fifty of the boldest of the men followed him. Black Fish was not more than fifty yards off, and, in this well-planned charge, he was mortally wounded. The Indians were seen hurriedly placing their fallen chief upon a horse, with a faithful warrior mounted behind him, and then the horse galloped away towards the Indian town. It was observed that Black Fish was dressed in a beautiful white hunting shirt, richly trimmed with brooches and other silver ornaments;

white captives who subsequently escaped, it
certained that the brave Shawnee chief expired
the horse entered the town.

"Although he was an enemy," says Dr. Draper, "we
cannot but admire the intrepid bearing, and self-de-
votedness of the brave and eloquent, but unfortunate,
Black Fish."

CHAPTER VIII

MAJOR BEDINGER RETURNS TO CIVILIZATION

WITH the fall of their chief the Indians seemed disheartened, and most of them drew off. The retreat was resumed and after marching a few miles they reached Cæsar's Creek: this, though bearing a little to the right of their rout, was taken, for a considerable distance, as their guide. Sometimes they followed along down the bank of the stream; at other times they waded its bed, knee-deep in water. All who wished mounted the horses taken from the Shawnees. Major Bedinger, while riding along through the wooded banks had his hat brushed off by the branch of a tree. He jumped off, and while feeling around for it, some one coming up on the trail behind gave the horse a little rap to make it step aside, when it took fright and ran away, carrying off saddle, bridle, camp kettle, and blanket. The distant tinkle of the kettle, as it came in contact with bush or tree, told too plainly that the horse was beyond reach. Major Bedinger plodded along on foot through brush, briars, and nettles, and lagged somewhat behind.

The party at last halted for a breathing space; but fearing lest the Indians should be reinforced and follow them, they soon resumed their slow and weary march. At this point Major Bedinger obtained a lean, sharp-backed Indian pony, without saddle or blanket, and jogged on with the others, sitting sidewise. The animal suddenly jumped aside and threw him off backwards down a little ravine, but he luckily escaped with a few knocks and bruises.

Thus the retreat continued: it was a meandering

route that they pursued. They suffered exceedingly from hunger; nor did they venture to hunt on the following day. The fear of a pursuit by the Indians whose horses they had taken was enough to impel them forward. Their only desire now was to leave, as quickly as possible, the Indian country. On the second night they were worn out with fatigue and hunger, and ventured to take a little rest, but it was too little. Then up, and on, for the land of Kentucky.

Early on the next day they reached the long-wished-for Ohio River, and crossed just above the mouth of the Little Miami.

Major Bedinger had been careful to place several sentinels in the rear, to guard against surprise. One of these, Thornton Farrow, saw an Indian dog at a distance, which was considered, at the time, satisfactory evidence that the Indians, not being able to collect a large party in time for pursuit, had sent a few spies to see that their invaders had actually left the country. Bedinger and his sentinels were the last to leave the enemies' shore.

The little army now felt more secure. They went on for several miles, back of the high ground that skirted the river, and reached, at last, a fine, large spring, where they halted for rest and refreshment. Hunting and fishing soon supplied them with food, and rest gave them new courage and vigor. They were once again in a land of plenty, where wild pea-vines, wild clover, and wild rye furnished abundance of food for the half-famished horses. A sale of these horses and the other plunder was now held, and it was agreed to make an equal division of the amount realized. The conditions were a credit of a year. The captains were to keep the accounts of their companies, and

when it should be ascertained that any one had bid in property exceeding the amount of his dividend, he was to pay the surplus; and this excess was to be used to make up the accounts of those whose share fell short of their due.

This was a pretty theory and promised to work well; all agreed to it; and except such horses as the Indians had stolen from the settlements, and that were identified by their owners, or kept in reserve for their proper claimants, the sale commenced. Some of the finest horses were sold for fifty or sixty dollars, but they usually went for much less. A pound of silver trinkets sold for twenty dollars.

Thus the large drove of horses, the clothing, and ornaments and other things were disposed of. The Monongahelians, conspicuous in everything except fighting, were far from modest in the number of their bids, or the amount of property they purchased. The result was, scattered as the purchasers were from Red Stone Old Fort to the Falls of Ohio, and from thence to Boonesboro' on the Kentucky, no collections were ever made; or if any were made, they were never accounted for to those who had a right to expect them.

The spring where Bowman's party encamped is called, to this day, the Horse Camp Spring.

All returned in safety, though some were in imminent danger of being overtaken and killed by small bands of lurking redmen. One of the most fortunate escapes was that of a young man named Elisha Bethiah, who belonged to Captain James Harrod's company. This young man had been badly wounded in the thigh during the night attack on the Indian town. In the retreat he was among the foremost, and being mounted on a good horse, he concluded to attempt to

escape alone rather than risk falling, wounded as he was, into the hands of the Indians. He dashed off, just at the moment when the Indians surrounded the party, and four of them immediately set out after him. His horse, however, soon outstripped his pursuers. That night the wounded man, dropping with fatigue and loss of blood, selected a secluded spot, dismounted, fastened the horse's rein to one of his wrists, and laid himself down to sleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight. His horse was gone. The horror of his situation rushed upon him. He was far away in the wilderness, he knew not where, save that it was in an enemy's country; destitute of even the commonest food, and utterly unable to walk.

While, in despair, he was brooding over his misfortunes, he heard a step, and looked up, dreading that his pursuers had trailed him and that his last hour had come. It was his faithful horse! Bethiah mounted him with a grateful heart, and continued on his way. In due time he reached Harrodsburg, recovered of his wound, and often used to tell the story of the manner in which the faithful, dearly-prized animal had saved his life, by returning to the aid of his helpless master.

"Thus ended," says Dr. Draper, "the celebrated campaign of 1779, a campaign, it should be remarked, the real history of which has been imperfectly understood. Made at so early a day, and not as fortunate in its results as some of its successors, it is not strange that its true character should have been misconstrued or undesignedly misrepresented. Bowman, when too late to retrieve his error, seems to have felt keenly the miscarriage of the expedition, and given himself up to despondency and inaction.

"But it is not at all certain that he should be made the scapegoat for the failure of the enterprise. The numbers engaged were amply sufficient; the officers confessedly brave and experienced; they reached the Indian town entirely undiscovered and evidently found less than its full quota of warriors there, and the plan of attack seemed judicious and well-thought out. And yet, notwithstanding all these auspicious circumstances, added to their great superiority of numbers, the campaign was well nigh a total failure.

"The Monongahelians, on whose aid so much reliance had been placed, seemed to have engaged in the enterprise more from motives of plunder than patriotism. They were the first to disobey the orders for silence, and to summon the prisoners to escape, when they should have stealthily surrounded the council-house. They were also the first, after the cabins had been sacked, to seize upon and magnify the foolish story of Girty's approach with reinforcements, thereby causing a panic to spread among the troops, who abandoned the town; and it appears perfectly in character that they should have been the foremost in searching for horses; foremost in *not* fighting, and foremost in the retreat.

"Their desire for gain was sufficiently manifested at the sale at Horse Camp Spring.

"With such a body of half savage frontiersmen, whose pernicious example was only too contagious, is it to be wondered at that Bowman, chagrined and disheartened, should ride up and call to Bedinger's little band behind the memorable oak log to make their escape, for he could bring no one to help them; not that he *would* not, but truth extorted the confession that he *could* not?"

"There is still another feature in the case worthy of notice," says Dr. Draper in the notes from which I have taken this account. "When the hope was expressed to Bowman during the outward march that at least the women and children that might be taken, should be spared, some of the Monongahelians slipped in their notions about such matters by exclaiming: 'No! indeed, Kill them all, the d—n savages! we are ordered to destroy the heathen off the land. As for these little Indians, if we don't kill them they'll soon be big ones!'"

"Such, very likely," says Dr. Draper, "were the men who, two years afterwards, went out from West Pennsylvania under Colonel David Williamson, and butchered in cold blood the unoffending Moravian Indians on the Muskingum; and such, doubtless, were the men from that same region of country who, by their timid and dastardly conduct, contributed, in no small degree, to the defeat and misfortunes of the ill-fated Crawford in 1782. At all events, it was the conviction of Major Bedinger and others on the expedition that, if the Monongahelians had not been of the party, the result would have been more creditable; but, with the brave and humane, defeat was probably preferable to victory, for an indiscriminate massacre, like that of the gentle Moravians, would doubtless have followed success, and an eternal disgrace would have attached to the campaign of 1779."

After this camp life at Boonesboro' went on as usual. It appears that Bowman's campaign, unfortunate as it seemed, really resulted in great good to the settlers. At the very time it was undertaken the Indians were gathering in force to make a raid on the settlement, but upon the news that the enemy had

invaded their own chief village, and that one of their best leaders was killed, and their homes plundered, the most fainthearted gave up the enterprise, and it was found impossible to carry out the plan.

During the season Bedinger, John Holder, Major Thomas Swearingen, and his brother Benoni, and Colonel William Morgan and his son Ralph, left the fort on an exploring expedition, and took their course along the South Elkhorn. Near the site of the present city of Lexington they discovered a bear on a large wild cherry tree, with a knot-hole on one side about thirty feet from the ground. Benoni, the tall young friend and comrade of George Michael (and he was six feet, five inches!) climbed up the tree; the bear retreated into the hole. Benoni had a long pole, forked at one end, with which he endeavored to oust her, but he failed in the attempt, so he came down, leaving the pole in the cavity. They lay in watch, and after a while the bear climbed up, gave the pole a spiteful knock with her paw, and sent it flying; after which she peeped out to see what was going on, when the poor thing was shot and fell back into the hole. The party then cut down the tree and found the mother dead, and four small cubs, which they killed for food.

A few miles from Lexington Major Swearingen, seeing a beautiful hill, named it for one of his daughters, "Lydia's Mount," which name it still retains.

I do not know whether it was in 1779 or at some later period that two traders, one named Walker Daniel, and the other named Kirtley, set out to visit the Falls of Ohio, and Major Bedinger, always ready for an adventure, proposed to accompany them. They were not ready quite so soon as George Michael, who

said he would jog along, and they could overtake him. He went on about twenty miles, and in passing Mann's Lick on the trail towards the present city of Lexington, his horse seemed very uneasy, as though Indians were lurking about. He went on, and six miles further stopped for the night. In a short time he was overtaken by the riderless horses of the two unfortunate traders, both bloody, and telling too plainly the tale of Indian outrage. The men had been waylaid at Mann's Lick and shot down. Bedinger's own escape was probably due to the conjecture of the Indians that he was in advance of a considerable party, as no one travelled alone in those days. They did not shoot for fear of alarming the loiterers.

Some time in July, 1779, three young men from Virginia came to Boonesboro', and wished to locate some good land to settle on. It seems remarkable how much emigration to the west continued to take place throughout the Revolution, and how small a proportion of the inhabitants of the United States took part in the struggle. This was undoubtedly the reason that the war dragged on so tediously, and in a manner that would have utterly discouraged any commander-in-chief less determined and self-reliant, or rather, God-reliant, than Washington.

These three young men went out from Boonesboro' with a young man named Calloway, who lived at the fort, and guided them to the waters of Elkhorn. On their return, when they were within a few miles of Boonesboro', Calloway advised them to leave the trail for safety. They scouted the idea, said they did not fear Indians, and boasted of their bravery. Calloway left them. When within three miles of Boonesboro' they fell into an Indian ambushade, and were fired on.

Two of the unfortunate men were wounded and taken prisoners; the other, a young man named Smith, came dashing into the fort, to give the alarm. He lost his overcoat in his hurry, and on being urged to guide a rescue party to the spot where they had been attacked, he refused to move.

Captain James Estill—afterwards killed by Indians in 1781—with Bedinger, Holder, and young Calloway, and a dozen others, seized their rifles, and dashed off in pursuit. When they reached the spot it was nearly night, and no Indians were to be seen. Some buffalo tugs (strips of hide) and other small articles told where they had camped, together with some slippery elm bark, which they always carried for use in dressing wounds. Their ambush was near a five acre field of corn known as Bush's Settlement, and abandoned two or three years before, overgrown with cane, and finally reclaimed that spring by a party of ten persons, including all the band of emigrants that came with Bedinger from Virginia. At this place they discovered several lurking places where the Indians had hidden, and they were such expert woodsmen that it did not take them long to discover that the party of redmen consisted of between twenty and thirty warriors. They had eaten and destroyed the cucumbers in the corn-field, and were probably waiting in the neighborhood to fall upon the white men as soon as it was dark. So it was deemed prudent to return; as their force, besides comprising all the effective garrison at Boonesboro', was too weak to venture on pursuit of the Indians, and they dared not hazard too much.

Next morning their spies reported that the Indian party had ambuscaded not more than two hundred

yards from the place where they had waylaid Smith and his companions, and it was evident that they had hoped to capture any pursuing party. Had Estill's men fallen into the trap it is probable that they would all have been killed or captured. Major Bedinger and his friends from Virginia remained seven months at Boonesboro', and finally left it well garrisoned and in no immediate danger from Indians.

Among the names of the defendants and hunters of Boonesboro' in that year we find those of Captain John Holder, James and Samuel Estill, the party from Shepherdstown, consisting of twelve whose names have already been given; Captain Daniel Gass, Jesse Hodges, John Gass, who lived to a great age, William Cradlebaugh, Jacob Starns, or Stearns, old Nicholas Proctor and his sons, Joseph and Reuben; old John Smith and his sons, Tom and Jack, and another John Smith, a relation; John Martin, John Calloway, James Bathe, James Berry, John Bankman, John Haweson, Charles Edward Lockhart, Aquila White, and Joseph Doniphan. Ralph Morgan said that there were between twenty and thirty men in Boonesboro' before the arrival of the party from Shepherdstown, but I think this included the party under Captain Stearns that left the garrison so short-handed.

How many of the party returned in November to Berkely with Major Bedinger, I do not know. Ralph Morgan remained, and John Strode certainly did so. He founded Strode's Station, probably in 1780.

And now Major Bedinger was home again. Enterprising as ever, in the fall or early winter, he took a supply of money to headquarters, for the use of his elder brother, Henry, who was still a prisoner and ill at Flatbush, Long Island. He also busily employed

himself in various ways for the comfort and maintenance of his widowed mother, who must have rejoiced at his safe return. The poor lady had much cause for anxiety concerning her children; the three eldest constantly in danger, and always separated from each other and from her.

CHAPTER IX

THE END OF THE REVOLUTION

SOME time in the autumn of 1780 Major Bedinger set out on the hazardous enterprise of conducting a wagon train of provisions to the High Hills of the Santee, in South Carolina, with supplies for the army and to see his brother Daniel, and bring back news of him to his mother. At that time the Tories were in the ascendancy in the Carolinas, and carried on a war of extermination with the Whigs. George Michael, however, accomplished his mission safely, but he has left no account of his expedition, though he refers to it in one of his letters in which he says that he brought back a wagon load of indigo which Governor Rutledge sent to Philadelphia by him.

We hear nothing more of him until the spring of 1781, when he commanded a company, in Lt. Col. William Darke's regiment and followed the fortunes of that commander all summer. He and his men were at the siege of Yorktown, as he tells us in his declaration for pension:

"In the month of May, 1781, I took the command of a company of Militia in Berkeley County, Va., under Colonel William Darke, and marched with them through different parts of Virginia to the siege of York. In addition to performing the duties of Captain, I had also to act as Adjutant to the Regiment, and occasionally performed the duties of Major. We were the first to approach the enemy at York. Was not at York at the surrender of Cornwallis, the term of service of my company having expired a few days before the surrender. During this time I served five months

as Captain of the Company, and all the time performed the duties of Adjutant to the Regiment, and a part of the time as Major."

In a letter to his brother Henry written in 1834, he describes some of his experiences during the Revolution, and as this letter is interesting, I will insert it in this place. It is dated:

Lower Blue Licks, July 15th, 1834.

* * * "The deposition of Peter Fisher came safe with your letter. I suppose this Peter Fisher is the son of the Fisher who lived on or near the branch or run in Shepherdstown, above where old Mr. Brown formerly lived, & not far from Henry Sheetz, old White, and others. His father got killed at the raising of a house by a log falling on his head. It is now like a dream to me. If he is one of them I think his complexion is something dark. I am anxious to do him all the good I justly can, even if he had not done anything for me. I have no doubt of the truth of his deposition, as I acted in all the capacities he mentions, and a few times also did duty as Brigade-Major, when requested by the General, whose name was General Edward Stevens, a stout, heavy man, but not our old Major-General Dr. Steven." (He means General Adam Stephen, who was a physician before he accepted a commission of general. Edward Stevens was a militia general.) * * * "I have lately found that on only hearing the names of some of our company I could often in an instant recall how they had acted, if anything extraordinary had been done by them, either good, bad, or indifferent. For instance, Peter Mange brought to my recollection the inoculated paper money. He threw it into the fire, when I jerked it

out. John Magara, his plaintive Voice, 'God love your soul, do help me out of this! Club your fire-lock!' etc.

"There is, I think, an old soldier by the name of Peck in Mason County, Daniel Bell, also of Mason, and a man of the name of Summers of Fleming, but if I live I shall soon make it my business to know. I could now mention many whose names have brought to my recollection the figure, stature, complection, and behavior, as I beforesaid. I feel a great desire that all who fought and suffered for the country when we were struggling for our natural rights should, in their old age, receive compensation. If I can see this A. K. Marshall I will consult him on what is likely to be done with those who served under St. Clair and Wayne. * * * You are under a mistake in relation to my being present on the 12th of October when Cornwallace was captured. I did not actually see them surrender, altho' I am confident very few officers or men in our army rendered more essential services than I think I did at or before the siege of York, in sight of and in full view of the British army at York, and when I think of it I hope I shall ever, while I have life and reason, most humbly, devoutly, and heartily thank and adore the supreme Author of all Goodness and Mercy, who then and so often since has saved me from impending dangers.

"And altho' it is with reluctance I am induced to speak or write even to a Brother of my own services, I cannot here, in justice to myself and those who were with me, omit stating to you, as well as I can now recollect after the lapse of near 53 years, that I was present at the siege of York, & was with the first party that dared in open day go near our enemies in Yorktown: viz, Cornwallace's Army.

"A short time before Yorktown was besieged, and when our army lay at or near Williamsburg, Colonel Darke marched a detachment of, I think, less than one thousand, mostly Militia, who were then or afterwards called The Forlorn Hope, as it was then generally thought that on our arrival at the suburbs of the town the British troops, *horse and foot*, would immediately Sally out upon us, and cut us off as we had no other troops to help or aid us near.

"When we got in sight of the enemy and were expecting an immediate attack, from their cavalry, I acting then as Adjutant, or I could say Major, and as the men had marched in platoons and open columns, marched them up into close solid columns, faced outwards, front rank kneeling, but arms firm; fixed bayonets, leaning out at an angle of near forty-five degrees. This manoeuvre having been performed briskly and promptly, it is believed that the enemy thought us well disciplined if not regular troops, & that we were only an advanced party, & that the U. S. Army were close at hand.

"They did not attack us, except at a distance so great that they could not do us much injury, but suffered us to go back without much firing. * * * I never yet have been able to account for such a motion. I think it was the Colonel's usual *fire and rashness*, & that General Washington perhaps had a desire to know what the enemy would do on such an occasion and acceded to it. It was, in my opinion, an extraordinary, and I think an unnecessary temerity. We had much to lose, and I have never been able to see what great advantage could have been expected of it.

"When the whole of our army marched and besieged York I was also with them until after the

militia's time had expired, & would have stayed longer but was in bad health, & troops were flocking in from all quarters. The sick were hauled home in waggons. I think I was hauled part of the way home in a waggon, if not all the way. Col. Darke, when I came away, said that within a few days he expected the British Army would surrender, regretted I could not see it. I am confident Peter Fisher is right in his deposition. You know Gen. Darke always was our friend. * * *

Major Henry Bedinger had been allowed to go home on parole. During the summer of 1780, Abraham Shepherd, writing to his brother, Colonel David Shepherd, in August, of that year, says:

"Henry Bedinger has returned home on parole Very low and weak, has been Unwell this 15 months past, hope he will soon Recover, he is Anxious to Join me here and I shou'd be happy he shou'd as his Abilities and honesty may be depended on and shou'd we Continue our Scheme it will be Realy Necessary to have him."

Again, in another letter to the same brother, with whom he was in partnership in buying and selling salt, furs, and necessities for the army, he writes, under date of November 23rd, 1780: "I shall have no Objections of your Setling with Mr. Zane and if you think proper taking in Captain Mason in his place and Henry Bedinger here as I wou'd wish to make our Concern as strong as possible. Bedinger being every way calculated for that purpose."

Again, in December of the same year he writes, "Bedinger is now capable of Joyning us, he can advance ten Thousand pounds, we shall buy all the wheat

we can and pray you dont lose one skin of no kind, Bear skins will sell Extremely well. * * *."

Henry Bedinger was formally exchanged the first day of November, 1780, after nearly four years of captivity. He was not contented, however, to remain inactive, and the following spring he went with some levies partly raised by himself, to the rendezvous at what was called Albemarle Old Courthouse, in the county of that name in Virginia. He was still unfit for active duty, and remained in charge of the military stores at the rendezvous, until chased by Tarleton across the James. After Tarleton had withdrawn, he took the stores back across the river. He kept a journal of this campaign, from which I will give an extract or two.

PART OF HENRY BEDINGER'S JOURNAL OF 1781.

(It seems that the stores were finally sent to Cumberland Old Courthouse.)

Monday, July 30th, 1781. Proceeded, according to orders to the place of our destination, (Viz) Cumberland Old Court House, & encamped near that place, where after taking an Acct, &c, of the Stores, found several tents were lost on the march.—

Wednesday, August 1st. Being as usual employed in the Q. M. department very busily, was Surprised by the Arrival of My Brother Daniel, who arrived here from Goochland Ct. House, where he had been Several Days, waiting with the Detachment from Winchester, for Information where to find the place of General Rendezvous. His number is reduced from about 40 to 18 by Desertion, &c."

He does not again mention either of his brothers until:

"Tuesday, August 22nd. Captain Samuel Finley

Returned from the Marquis's Camp with a Sum of money for the use of the officers & Soldiers at this Station to be Charged on account.— Captain Finley saw my Brother in Camp near Ruffin's Ferry, who wrote me a letter dated 17th Inst. The Captain likewise brought me another letter from Captain Charles Stockley, Etc."

On Saturday, the fifteenth of September, he writes: "A few Days past about 15 of the Enemy's Ships arrived off Chesapeake Bay with troops to Reinforce Lord Cornwallis, the French Got under way Immediately & after taking two men-of-war, the Enemy made the best of their way to Escape falling into their hands. Fifteen of the French Ships of the line followed and 'tis supposed will Capture Many more of the Enemy. * * * T'was currently Reported a few Days past that His Excellency General Washington had arrived in Camp in Virginia. Accounts since Mention that he had not yet Arrived & t'was expected he would return to take the Command Near New York.— Three Officers, viz:—John Scott, Daniel Bedinger and Robert Quarles & Twelve privates are taken with the Ague and Fever at this post.

"Laid off the Ground for the Hutts, for Winter Quarters, the 11th Instant, Since which we have began to Cut timber for the Houses, etc." And again on Thursday, the 11th of October, he writes "My Brother Michael arrived here from His Excellency's Camp, Somewhat Indisposed. He Informs that the Enemy were Closely Invested in York, that Col. Tarleton had made an Incursion into Gloucester, that two Captains of the French were kill'd by them together with Six privates, etc, etc."

"Sunday Oct. 14th. This morning my Brother

Michael Set out for Richmond to Settle the accounts of his Company, & then Return to Berkely. Wrote by Him to Capt. Shepherd in Answer to his Letter Requesting me to Return Immediately to Berkely, likewise to my Mother, etc."

We will not copy any more of this interesting journal at this time but reserve it for our account of Henry Bedinger. There is no further mention of any of his brothers except in the last entry, which is dated Friday, November 15th, 1781, which speaks of his safe arrival in "Shepherd's Town, where I arrived that Evening to Give Joy to my Friends & Satisfaction to my Self after a Journey of 193 Miles from Cumberland Old Ct. House, where I left my Brother Daniel & Many Friends."

Daniel and Henry served until the end of the war. Henry, in the spring of 1783, raised another company at Shepherdstown, the last, I believe, that was raised at that place, for the war.

Of the movements of George Michael in 1782 we know little. It was apparently in that year that he formed a partnership with that strange genius, "Crazy Rumsey," as those who could not understand him called him; the inventor of the first practicable steamboat, which made its successful trial trip on the Potomac at Shepherdstown a few years later.

This is not the place to tell the story of that wonderful and unfortunate man. In 1782 he was living near or in the village of Bath, now called Berkeley Springs, in Morgan County, W. Va. At the mouth of Sleepy Creek he and George Michael Bedinger owned a mill in partnership. That is, George Michael Bedinger advanced Rumsey the means to pay for his share. For a year they seem to have managed this mill to-

gether, and a most unsatisfactory partner Bedinger found the dreamy, absent-minded inventor; so much so, indeed, that Michael soon became disgusted with the whole concern, threw up the partnership, and, in 1784, went off again to Kentucky to continue his career as a surveyor. He left Rumsey in his debt, a debt that was not paid during his life. Afterwards the mill was sold, and probably Bedinger was then reimbursed.

It was in Kentucky in 1784 or 1785 that Michael boasted to some acquaintances of Rumsey's wonderful ingenuity, and described, as well as he could, his projected invention of a steamboat. This so wrought upon the mind of one of his hearers, named Fitch, that he proceeded to Shepherdstown, where Rumsey then lived, and, in disguise, and under a false name, endeavored to learn more of the secret of applying steam to navigation. He was caught peeping through a knot-hole into the cabin in which Rumsey carried on his experiments. The citizens of the town threatened him with a coat of tar and feathers, whereupon he promptly left. A year or two afterwards he pretended that he was the real inventor of the steamboat, and that Rumsey had stolen his ideas. This led to some of Rumsey's friends making a request of G. M. Bedinger that he would state the facts I have just mentioned in writing, which he did. Among Dr. Draper's papers is a copy of the following document, which has reference to this incident.

Berkely County Va. ss.

"This day came Michael Bedinger before me, one of the Justices of the Peace for the said County, and made oath, that Mr. James Rumsey informed him, in or before the month of March, 1784, that he was of

opinion that a boat might be constructed to work by steam, and that he intended to give it a trial, and mentioned some of the machinery that would be necessary to reduce it to practice: and that the said Michael further saith, that he set out for Kentucky, immediately after, in order to survey some lands, and resided there upwards of eighteen months, and that, during the time of his stay there, he frequently mentioned Mr. Rumsey's boat schemes: He believes that he also mentioned, that it was to be wrought by steam.

"The above was voluntarily sworn before me, by Captain Bedinger, who is a gentleman of reputation.

"November 28th, 1787.

John Kearsley.

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed certify that the within mentioned Michael Bedinger is a gentleman of reputation and veracity.

"Horatio Gates

Charles Morrow

Thomas White

John Mark

James Kerney

Philip Pendleton

John Morrow

Robert Stubbs."

Joseph Mitchell

I have inserted this deposition in this place to close the reference to James Rumsey, although it is dated several years later than the time we are now considering.

CHAPTER X

MORE ADVENTURES IN KENTUCKY

IN the spring of 1784 Michael Bedinger, that restless, adventurous spirit, returned to the distracted settlements of Kentucky. After the Revolution he seems to have found the safe smooth life of the older country too tame. No doubt, also, he had an ambition to become the possessor of some of the rich new land of the wilderness. Surveyors, at that time, were usually paid by a proportion of the land they located. Nothing could have been more hazardous than the life led by the men of his profession at that early day. At times the work ceased because no one could be induced to brave its dangers.

After the war there were many thousands of acres of military lands in Kentucky, which the State of Virginia had given to the officers and privates of the State and Continental line. All of these were anxious to have their claims located and surveyed. Thus there was an abundance of that sort of occupation for those who were daring enough to undertake it. That it required nerve will be abundantly proved by the following account of some of Michael's adventures during the next eventful years.

He returned to Kentucky, not by the old Wilderness Road, which used to be called "Boone's Trace," but proceeding to Wheeling, he took the river route, landing at Louisville. He found many changes since his campaign of 1779. Settlements had sprung up in many places, in spite of the constantly continued Indian troubles, and settlers continued to pour into the country.

In the spring of 1784 he started for the Falls of Ohio, intending to go from there into the Green River country, in the southwestern part of Kentucky, to locate lands for himself and others. A large number of surveyors, thirty or more, were to meet on the first of April at the Falls, and proceed from that place to the Green River country, to run off the Continental and State line military lands. Michael crossed the Kentucky river at Leestown, and had gone westward but a short distance when he met Jacob Myers, an honest old Dutchman just from the Falls. He asked him if the surveyors had met, and were ready to start.

"Oh, no," said honest Jacob, "a number of obstacles hash represented themselves, and they hash declined."

So it proved. There were Indians on the war-path, and it was thought too hazardous an undertaking, so the design was abandoned for that season.

Michael, however, did not easily relinquish his plans. He made up his mind to go, alone and unaided, and explore the country between Green and Cumberland rivers. Accordingly he left the Falls and went first to the surveyor's office of Col. Thomas Marshall in Fayette County. Here he met Lewis Fields, a generous, light-hearted young fellow, between eighteen and twenty. This young man took a great liking to Michael Bedinger, and tried to induce him to give up his rash scheme. And when he found this impossible, and that Michael was not to be talked out of the dangerous enterprise he said to him:

"By Jove, Bedinger, I can't stand having you go by yourself! Suppose you were snake-bitten in the wilderness with no one to help you? Or suppose the

Indians killed you. No one would ever know what had become of you. I declare, if I had an extra shirt I'd go with you myself."

"If that is all," said Michael, "I can let you have an extra shirt. But I don't think it would be fair to take you at your word, and I'd rather take my risks alone."

He went on to say that it was not in his power to offer him sufficient inducements to make the trip, as he was too poor to reward him. But Fields was as fond of adventure as Michael, and he insisted on accompanying him. So these two daring spirits set out together into the unknown wilderness. They struck across the country, and near the site of Elizabethtown, reached Henley's Station, not far from the head of Severn's Valley, about fifty miles from the Falls of Ohio. From this place they went on and crossed Green River in the south-western part of the State, and were proceeding down towards the mouth of Big Barren, when they found fresh Indian signs in abundance. This led them to push on hastily to the mouth of Big Barren. Here they swam over to the south bank.

It was twilight when they reached a place of comparative safety, and they concluded to hide in the high grass, on the banks of the stream. Before they had been long in that place, crouched down in the grass, they discovered that they were followed; for a party of Indians who had found their trail appeared on the other side of the stream. They saw dimly their dusky forms on the opposite bank, and heard them in low, earnest conversation.

The two young men, cowering in the cane brake, were almost devoured by mosquitoes. But they dared not move; lay close, and kept perfectly still. At last

their pursuers disappeared. Next day they set out, and while exploring near the mouth of Little Muddy Creek, just above the junction of Big Barren with Green River, Lewis, who was a little ahead, suddenly called out: "Bedinger, I'm a dead man!"

Not suspecting the cause, and hearing no report of firearms, Michael's first thought was that an Indian had crept up stealthily and shot Fields with an arrow. He snatched his gun from his shoulder.

"I am snake-bit!" said the poor young man, in extreme pain and agony of mind. Seizing a stick, Michael made an effort to kill the reptile, but the stick broke in his hand. He drew his scalping knife, and severed the head from the body, before the snake had time to repeat its deadly stroke, or get out of the way. It was a moccasin, fully four feet in length.

Lewis complained of great pain; in a few moments his whole body was contaminated; even his tongue began to swell.

The wound was a severe one, just below the knee. A bandage was drawn tightly around the leg over it to prevent the further spread of the venom. Michael doctored his poor friend as well as he was able. He bound a portion of the snake's body, still writhing, upon the wound. Salt, powder, slippery elm, and butternut bark were used. But it was clumsy nursing. The young fellow suffered dreadfully, and begged Michael not to abandon him. "Don't be troubled about that. I'll stick to you to the last," Bedinger answered.

Night was coming on, and thinking they would be more secure from Indians at the fork between the Big Barren and Green Rivers than where they were, Michael undertook to carry Lewis over the river. It

had rained all day, and the river was commencing to rise. He waited until it was dark, and then found a fordable place. The water was arm-pit deep, but he first carried over their rifles, and then taking Lewis Fields upon his back, he conveyed him safely across; halted at some distance from the banks, set down his burden, and soon had a comfortable fire.

Lewis continued to suffer so greatly that he lost all fear of Indians, only remembering their skill in treating for snake-bite. The young men heard the report of rifles perhaps a mile or two away. Lewis, hoping that it proceeded from the party they had escaped the night before, implored his friend to go and find them, and ask them to come to his aid!

Michael, self-forgetting as usual, and anxious to try anything that held out the smallest hope of soothing Lewis's sufferings, started out in the direction of the firing. It was a cloudy night, and soon became of inky blackness. He could not see his way, and the croaking of the frogs along the water side was his only guide.

Sometimes he would become entangled in the branches of a fallen tree; sometimes he would be mired in the swamp, and sometimes he would bruise himself against rocks and trees. Snakes, too, were numerous and deadly in such places, and it is a marvel that he escaped unhurt. Stumbling along in this way he came to a small cove or embayment of the stream that he was following, and suddenly fell some twenty or thirty feet into the mud and water below. Surely some good, guardian angel watched over the honest, big-hearted fellow, for he took no harm. The fall, however, injured his rifle.

He soon scrambled up and continued his dreary and

uncertain pilgrimage. His progress was now slow and painful, for he was scratched and bruised from head to feet. He had been out several hours, or so it seemed to him, and he concluded that he must be near the Indians, if they had an encampment in that direction. He now began to shout, calling out that he had a companion who had been badly snake-bitten, and was in great need of help. He begged that if there were white men within sound of his voice they would answer him; if Indians, he desired peace and their kind assistance. How hollow and dismal his voice must have sounded to himself as it woke the dreary echoes of those grim solitudes. He repeated his shouting from time to time, but without response. He always thought that there was a party of Indians within reach, but that they suspected some stratagem of a stronger party of whites, and lay close in the brake.

At length he gave up, and commenced his return, slowly and uncertainly. The night was now far spent, and hoping that he was within sound of his comrade's voice, he again began to shout, but still the hollow woodland echoes were his only answer.

He wandered on, and all at once, he caught a glimpse in the darkness of what appeared, to his uncertain sight, a figure silently extinguishing the dying remains of a camp fire. It must be an Indian, he thought, and remained some time perfectly rigid, expecting an attack every instant, his hand ready to his rifle.

Nothing stirred; his ears, sharpened by anxiety, could not detect the slightest sound. At last he stealthily drew near the spot, and was astonished to find his friend extended on the earth in a kind of stupor, after his dreadful pain and fatigue. When he

was aroused he told Michael that he had a faint recollection of hearing a noise, but that he supposed it was the howling of wolves.

Lewis could not be moved. For three weeks or more they camped by the river, and Michael made his friend as comfortable as possible. He built a rude hut to shelter them from the weather, constructing it out of fallen limbs and roofing it with branches of trees. They had no supplies, and were obliged to trust to their guns for their support. Unfortunately they had not much ammunition, and had to be very careful of it.

Michael went to the river with his rifle and attempted to shoot fish. This was new work, and at first he made no allowance for the curvature of the water, and would overshoot, and miss his aim. However, he improved with practice, and soon had no difficulty in killing fish whenever he needed them.

Soon, however, their ammunition became too scarce and precious to use in this way. Michael therefore left Lewis at the camp and proceeded to look for buffalo. He bent his course to a lick a mile or two off the southern bank of the Big Barren. Here he succeeded in finding buffalo and at last killed a fine calf. He swung the hind quarters, which weighed seventy or eighty pounds, across his back, without stopping to dress them, and had scarcely started on his return when a large yellowish gray wolf, hearing the report of the gun, came up to share the game.

The wolf followed close behind Michael, and sometimes ran around him, keeping at a distance; but a load of powder was too valuable to be expended on such a worthless creature. So the pair went on, until they neared the camp, when the wolf became discouraged and went off on the back trail.

Michael, as soon as he reached camp, made a good fire, broiled some of the choice meat on the embers, and set aside as much as would keep for a day or two, and then proceeded to jerk the rest for future use.

The primitive method of jerking meat, whether buffalo, bear, deer or elk, was this: A scaffold was erected by placing in the ground in an upright position four forked stakes some five or six feet in height, and across the top of these two parallel poles were fixed in the forks, and transversely a number of small straight sticks or splints two or three inches apart, upon which to place strips of the meat an inch or even less in thickness, weighing from half a pound to a pound each. Then a smouldering fire was kept going underneath, and in damp weather, a blanket or skin would be stretched overhead. A day or two was sufficient to cure the meat by this combined process of half-cooking, smoking, and drying the meat, and it was then pronounced *jerked* , and fit for use. A little sprinkle of salt would lessen the amount of smoking requisite, as well as greatly improve the flavor; but in those times it was seldom that woodsmen could command a sufficiency of salt to warrant so great a luxury.

To return to our woodsmen. It was early in June, their supply of meat was soon exhausted, and Lewis was nearly well. They concluded to break camp and start for the settlement by slow degrees. So they set out, and, as Fields was still weak, when they came to streams or rough places Michael would carry him on his back. Hunger at last compelled them to seek for meat; and, in a valley they discovered a drove of buffalo.

"Be careful, Fields," said Michael. "Aim between

the horn and the ear, where the skull is thinnest, and the ball will best take effect. Remember we've only four charges left."

"Yes! Yes!" said Fields, as he crept along from tree to tree. In a moment he fired.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as he saw the buffalo fall to the ground, "Now we are safe!"

As Michael came running up, the animal, probably hit in the thick part of the forehead, impervious to balls, and only stunned for a moment, recovered himself, and in a rage, charged full at him. He fired and dodged to the left, when the buffalo dashed on to join the herd. Michael, hating to give up, ran around and managed to get another shot at the same animal, but they lost him after all their trouble.

Only a single charge of powder remained, and with this Fields shot at and missed a wild turkey. Nothing daunted they went on their way, making for the head of Severn's Valley.

They now suffered greatly from hunger, so much so that, finding a piece of buffalo hide on a bush, which had evidently been left there months before by white or red hunters, they proposed to roast and eat it, parched as it was. They did so, but Fields was unable to swallow any of it. They went on, and that same day were so fortunate as to catch a small terrapin. This they stripped from the shell and roasted nicely. Michael, hungry as he was, could not bring himself to touch it, but to Lewis it was a rich treat. He had nearly eaten it all when Michael ventured on a taste, and then was angry with himself for waiting so long. Cooked in that manner it was delicious.

As they went on Lewis grew constantly stronger, while his faithful nurse, from long exposure and hardship, began to grow weaker every moment.

At last, when they were both worn out with hunger and fatigue, they neared the settlement of Jacob Van Meter, an old acquaintance from Berkeley County, Virginia, who lived two miles from Henley's Station. Lewis Fields, now the stronger of the two, went ahead and first reached the house. When Michael came he found Mrs. Van Meter had prepared a bowl of mush and milk for him. He was forced to eat with great caution, and only a little at a time, for some days, so near starvation had he been. But in a few days both were able to travel, and they proceeded on their way, soon arriving at the older settlements. So ended the first Green River expedition.

It is pleasant to know that Lewis Fields, always loved and esteemed by Major Bedinger as one of the kindest and most generous-hearted of men, subsequently married and did well. He was popular and successful. For a long time he was High Sheriff of the county in Kentucky in which he lived.

CHAPTER XI

THE SECOND GREEN RIVER EXPEDITION

MICHAEL Bedinger did not waste much time in inaction. That same summer he again started out from the Falls of the Ohio, with his compass and chain, a supply of ammunition, and a deputy surveyor's appointment from Colonel Richard C. Henderson. Again his destination was the Green River country, but this time he secured, in Severn's Valley, the assistance of George and Jack Berry, a man named Nelson, and another named King.

They started down the Valley creek in a canoe, and then down No-Linn into Green River. The heavy rains had swollen the streams. Here and there they saw beaver, perched upon logs along the margin of the water. When the party drew near these creatures would dive, making a peculiar flop on the surface with their broad tails as they went down.

The Berry boys had come provided with traps, and they caught some of the beaver. The pelts were retained for their fur, and the trowel-shaped tails, which weighed one or two pounds, according to the age and size of the animal, were salted and jerked to be carried back to the settlements, where they were considered a great luxury and sold at a high price.

The party had no very serious misadventures on this trip, and met no Indians. They left the canoe at the upper part of the Big Bend of Green River, within the limits of Butler County, and there commenced their surveys.

One day at twilight, the party encamped and made their fire near the mouth of a large cave in a hill-side,

at the upper neck of the Big Bend. A little parched corn meal brought with them in the canoe, with some broiled fish or venison, made a supper fit for lord or lady. Then, as they sat around the blazing fire, the Berrys would give them some good lively songs, and they would all join in in the chorus. Many a tale of hairbreadth escape would enliven the evening, and at last they would drop off to sleep around the smouldering embers.

On this occasion, as it was damp and drizzling, Michael thought that the cave, so close at hand, would make a comfortable bedroom. So he expressed his intention of honoring it with his patronage, as preferable to the damp ground.

George Berry, who had carefully examined it, exclaimed at this idea: "Why, Bedinger, it looks very unsafe; those overhanging rocks are ready to fall and bury you." He went on to declare that, although his name was Berry, he didn't particularly relish the idea of such a burial.

"Besides," said he, "there may be snakes in it, and I wouldn't sleep there for a fortune."

But Michael would not be frightened. He entered the cavern, laid his trusty rifle beside him, and was soon sleeping as soundly on the stony floor as if it were softest down.

He slept late, and when he awoke it was broad daylight. When he arose, curiosity led him to examine the apartment more minutely.

The room in which he had slept was nearly circular, and was about eight feet in height, and fully fifteen in width. The back part of the cavern was dark, and groping around, he discovered an aperture, about three feet wide, leading into an inner cavity. He had

scarcely entered this passage, when a large, fat bear, alarmed at this unceremonious intrusion into his bedroom, dashed suddenly by him, not, however, without jostling and crowding him in that narrow place.

Michael shouted to his companions, who were busy-ing themselves outside, when one of them seized his rifle, and shot the bear as it retreated out of the cave. This bear weighed three hundred pounds, and supplied the party with plenty of "jerk." When they broke up camp they could not carry all their bear meat with them. Accordingly they left a part of it upon the scaffold they had erected for the purpose of curing it. This they securely covered with the skin, to protect it from pilfering buzzards.

The young men went on their way down Green River to continue their surveys and did not return for a couple of weeks. When they came back for their meat it was gone, and they were sorely disappointed, for they then stood in need of it.

Surveying lands and exploring the country employed their time until autumn was far advanced. They hunted, fished, and trapped game for their subsistence; and led the free, independent life that Michael Bedinger loved.

One day, while he was near the mouth of Muddy River, he was surprised by the tinkle of a bell, and looking through the bushes he saw, feeding in a little plain, a fine young horse on the opposite side of the river. He determined to capture him, and to help him took a little salt in a bag, held it in his mouth, and attempted to get across by means of a floating log, that he mounted as if it were some kind of river steed. In this way he tried to paddle across, but the current of Muddy River was too strong for him; it whirled

his log over, and plunged him into the water. The salt melted away in this plunge, but he reached the shore safely, and with some difficulty, caught the horse. He then stripped the bark from a pawpaw, and constructed a rude sort of bridle with it, mounted his prize, and entered the water.

The horse became frightened in the current, and struggled until the bark bridle gave way. Then he swerved, swam back to the shore, and sprang into the woods. Michael still clung to his neck, crouching forward to avoid being swept off by the limbs of the trees. They had a mad race of it, but finally the frightened horse came to a stand, and Michael considered himself fortunate in escaping with a few scratches and bruises. He now made another and stronger bridle, and this time succeeded in inducing the horse to swim across the river. When he reached camp, being cunning in wood lore, he managed to make a bark saddle and stirrups; upon this he folded his camp blanket, and began his long journey to the settlements.

With his rifle slung behind and his compass in front, he rode through the wilderness, unguided and alone, while his companions returned as they had come, in the canoe, with their peltry and beaver tails, and reached the Severn Valley without misadventure. When he arrived he advertised the horse, but whether the owner was ever found or not the account does not tell us. It is probable that this was one of the many tragedies of the woods in that early time.

CHAPTER XII

THE THIRD TRIP TO GREEN RIVER

MICHAEL had now been away from home many months. His mother had great anxiety on his account, more, probably, than her other, less venturesome children, caused her. Henry was married and settled in Shepherdstown, where he was, for many years, a flour and produce merchant. Daniel, soon after the Revolution, set out for Norfolk to seek the fortune he found there. Only Michael preferred the lonely forest solitudes, with ever-lurking danger to give spice to life. He remained in Kentucky throughout the winter of 1784-5, partly at Boonesboro' and part of the time at Strode's Station, and early in the spring, made a short surveying trip to Pond River and its tributaries. Little has come down to us about this expedition. He killed an extremely large buffalo, the patriarch of the herd. When it fell it barked a tree; great was its fall! I do not know who accompanied him upon this trip, but it was a short one.

Early that summer he set out again to explore the Green River country, which seems to have possessed for him a peculiar fascination, probably because of the richness of the soil in that part of Kentucky, where forest trees, oaks, hickories, and tulip trees reach gigantic proportions, and where, at that time, all sorts of game abounded, while the waters were full of fish. It is, to this day, a bountiful, well-watered country, famous for its fine horses and cattle. This territory, also, was almost entirely covered by military land warrants. On this third expedition to Green River he was accompanied by John O'Bannon, another sur-

veyor, and a second companion, whose name I do not know.

When the little party reached the western part of the river they found plenty of "Indian sign," and these were fresh, so that they had to be continually on guard.

One night they selected a bend on Deer Creek for their camp. This is one of the tributaries of Green River. Here the banks were high and the surveyors were uneasy, for from the signs around them they felt sure that they were in the neighborhood of Indians. Before lying down to sleep, Michael, who had his valuable land papers with him, placed these for safety, in a small bear-skin knapsack, bent down a sapling, fastened the knapsack to it, and let it right itself, thereby concealing the papers in the foliage. They silently lay down in the tall grass, without fire, and on their guard against surprise.

Some time in the night they heard the half-suppressed growl of an Indian dog, and a whispered rebuke in the Indian tongue. Knowing full well that a band of Indians was stealing upon them, all at once they sprang down the high bank, dashed over the creek, and escaped. Michael, however, had not time to secure his knapsack. Several days passed before he ventured to steal back to the spot. When he came to the sapling he found his papers torn up and scattered, and, at no great distance off, the knapsack was discovered, hanging upon a bush. He went to secure it. It contained something heavy. What was his surprise to find, lapped within the fur, a tiny, Indian baby, quite cold and dead!

Early in the fall he again went to the Green River neighborhood. By this time he was, no doubt, con-

sidered a good guide to that region. He was accompanied by Captain Mayo Carrington of Virginia, an officer appointed by the Continental line to superintend the military surveys. He took a party of twenty-two men and servants. Each surveyor had two chain-carriers, a marker, and a hunter. They struck Green River just above its confluence with Rough Creek, remained here fishing for a short time, and found the water too high to ford. All looked to Michael, as he was so well-acquainted with the country, and followed in his lead. He twice crossed the river on horseback, and swam it three times, in succession, before all their camp equipage was safely rafted over. The water was very cold, and the exposure brought on a violent attack of rheumatism, from which he suffered greatly.

However, the party proceeded on to Tradewater Creek, which flows west, and is a tributary of the Ohio. They located most of their surveys on Tradewater, and a few on Livingstone Creek, which empties into Cumberland River.

On Pond Creek, a northern fork of Tradewater, they found abundance of beaver, with swans and geese. They saw few if any buffalo—the country was too densely wooded for them—but there were plenty of deer, and an occasional elk.

At one time they encamped near a beaver-dam. Some of the party proposed to tear away a part of their dam, hide and watch the animals, so as to kill them when they attempted to repair the breach. This they agreed to, the dam was broken, and they concealed themselves in the bushes near by to ambuscade the beavers. But these cunning animals floated logs along with the current, keeping their bodies submerged. They pushed these logs into place with their

noses, thus repairing the breach, and as carefully stopping up the interstices with mud. All this they accomplished so secretly that, though the hunters watched closely throughout the dark night, they were unable to get a shot. Next morning they found themselves completely outwitted by the beavers. The dam was repaired, and not one of the architects could be seen.

A few days afterwards some of the hunters reported that they had discovered a camp of eight Indians on the northern bank of the Tradewater, about five miles from its mouth. Bedinger's party were on the opposite side of the stream, and not more than half a mile off. All was motion in the camp, and several of the men proposed surprising and attacking the Indians. To this Bedinger strongly objected. They had but seven guns in the party, as most of the surveyors were men of peace. He declared that if they attacked the hunting party they would be obliged to abandon their surveys for that season. It would be a signal for the Indians to gather in force, and if they did not annihilate the white men they would certainly make their lives extremely uncomfortable.

Night had come on while they were holding this council, and he proposed to set out next morning on a friendly mission to the Indians, and asked if any one were willing to accompany him. Captain Carrington, who was as brave as Michael, immediately offered himself as his companion. He declared that he would not allow his friend to undertake the dangerous embassy alone.

Next morning they started for the Indian camp, taking a few presents with them to conciliate the savages. The rest of the party followed at a short dis-

tance. When they approached the Indian camp Michael went in front, with the muzzle of his rifle in his hand, and the breech thrown carelessly over his shoulder. Carrington, who had no gun, kept a short distance in the rear. The rest of the party were cautioned to keep out of sight, but sufficiently near to render assistance if it proved necessary.

It was after sunrise when Michael crept up softly, and neared the shallow ford directly between him and the Indian camp. Two warriors and a squaw were there, and they did not observe him until he had commenced fording the creek, when the men sprang from the camp-fire and snatched their rifles.

Michael spoke to them kindly with the usual friendly greeting: "How do you do, how do you do, brothers?"

The Indians, unprepared for battle, returned the compliment with a guttural, "How do! How do!" and then they shook hands.

Michael seated himself by the fire and asked for something to eat. The squaw immediately put some bear meat on to broil over the coals. He was now joined by Captain Carrington.

The Indians were Delawares; they called their leader "Captain," in imitation of the English. The rest of the small party were out hunting. The young men told them that their great father, General George Rogers Clarke, a name that struck terror to their hearts, had sent them to ask their Indian brothers to come in and make peace.

By this time the whole party of surveyors had come to the camp. At first Captain Whitenday, as their leader was called, seemed alarmed at their numbers, but he soon overcame this feeling, and received them hospitably. Bear meat was set before them and, after

breakfast, the surveyors went on down the creek to their work.

Captain Carrington, wishing to keep the peace, gave Captain Whitenday a good saddle which his servant was carrying on his back, as his horse had given out and they had been obliged to leave him behind. Carrington told Whitenday he might have the horse, too, and explained where he was to be found.

The chief, not wishing to be outdone in generosity, gave Carrington several dressed deer skins, which provided moccasins for the whole party.

The young white men then took their leave, after obtaining a promise from Whitenday that he would go in and make peace with General Clarke.

The surveyors continued to perform their labors at a short distance from the Indian camp. In the course of a few days they found themselves nearly out of provisions. Michael, on whom they seem to have greatly depended, declared that he would go and buy game of Captain Whitenday and his hunters.

With his characteristic boldness, he mounted his horse and started off alone in the direction of their camp. He came close upon the band without discovery, rode up and greeted them in a friendly way with the usual salutation: "How do you do, brothers?"

Unfortunately the Indians had obtained whisky from some traders, and some of them were much under its influence. It must be borne in mind that at this time the Indians, especially the Delawares, were hostile, and that they were greatly exasperated by any intrusion into their hunting grounds.

Whitenday, no longer placable, began to abuse Michael, exclaiming: "You dam lie! You one dam rogue!"

Michael, suspecting that he had not found the horse Carrington had given him, took a piece of paper, and marked out the course of the Tradewater, and then drew the figure of a horse on one of its forks.

Captain Whitenday seemed somewhat appeased by this explanation and remarked: "May be so, you are *big* cap-pa-tin; may be so, you are one dam lie; me look and not find, but me look again, then no find, me go steal one good hoss, may be so too."

Michael then told him he must not steal from his white brethren, for that would make mischief.

By this time Whitenday was in a good humor, and commenced introducing himself and his friends to Michael. Striking his breast he exclaimed: "Me—Cap-pa-tin Whitenday. This—Powder; this, Jimmy Corday; and this Fawnee, Cap-pa-tin Buck's son; he young Buck." While all these and more were formally presented to their white brother, Michael held his horse by the reins; now, in the act of fastening him to a sapling, Powder, whose face was painted black, as is the Indian custom when on the war-path, came up and silently took hold of the bridle. Michael snatched it from his hand, whereupon he went away and sat down on a log, still keeping an ominous silence.

After awhile Powder took from his head an old hat that had belonged to some unfortunate settler. It was rimless and topless, the very wreck and ruin of a hat. Walking up to him he proposed that they should "Swap." Michael declining this magnanimous offer, the Indian snatched his hat from his head, but Michael wrenched it away from him. At this Powder seized him by the shoulder, but, as quick as thought, found himself sprawling on the ground.

The Indians laughed heartily at Powder's discom-

future, and Michael joined in. Powder again retired to his log, handling his rifle in a particularly vicious manner, but evidently not daring to use it.

The Indian chief now proposed that they should smoke the pipe of peace. Accordingly it was filled and each took a few whiffs. He next presented Michael with a drink of whisky in a tin cup, no doubt wishing to show him special honor.

Michael never touched strong drink, and now, while the Indian was persuasively exclaiming: "Come, drink him all up!" he politely declined.

The chief persisted, and said: "If you don't drink, I'll kill you!" So saying he drew his knife, and presenting the point in a back-handed way to Michael's breast, he doubled up his fist as if to drive the blade home into his heart.

Michael carelessly took the cup and passed it to an Indian onlooker, when the chief stealthily withdrew the knife and, striking him lightly on the breast, exclaimed, with much emphasis: "You *big* Cap-pa-tin!" Then smiting his own breast he added, with an air of pride, "Me *big* Cap-pa-tin, too!" "You white men," he continued, "kill good many *praying* Delawares on the Muskingum, but me no mind that none, for me kill white men, too, so many—" indicating, by his fingers, fifteen. "And for this," he added, "me made *big* Cap-pa-tin!"

While this was going on, the two traders, who had supplied the Indians with whisky, approached the camp from a small island in the river in which, after making the savages drunk, they had concealed themselves. One of them was a man named Edward Rice, a former acquaintance of Michael's. As soon as the chief saw them he began to abuse them for their cowardice.

"You squaws—you afraid,—you squaws—you run away—you squaws!"

"Yes," said Rice, "we were afraid of *whisky*, last night!"

Rice, it seems, had come down the river according to a previous arrangement, to bring supplies to the surveyors, who promised, in return, to survey a tract of land for him. On the previous evening the Indians had darted out from the bushy shore above and below the traders' canoe, completely hemming them in. Rice and his Irishman, finding it useless to attempt to escape, made a virtue of necessity, and greeted the chief in the most friendly manner, declaring that they were glad to meet their brothers, that General Clarke was anxious to make peace with all the Indian tribes, and that they had been sent to smoke the pipe of peace with their brothers, the Delawares.

The old chief received them amicably, and seemed to consider the cargo of the canoe his property. He at once asked for whisky and salt; the one to preserve his body, the other his meat. The traders were obliged to give him a jug of "fire-water," and by evening all the Indians were drunk. The fell spirit of destruction had come upon them. The squaws succeeded in hiding most of their guns and knives, and begged Rice and the Irishman to hide also. They got away to the little island in such haste that they left their guns behind, and there they concealed themselves in the cane.

The chief continued his examination of Michael, and inquired what so many white men were doing so far from the settlements?

"Oh!" said Michael. "Some have come to see the country, and visit their friends at the French Lick on Cumberland."

"What?" said Whitenday, doubtingly. "All these got friends at French Lick?"

At that moment he saw the end of an ivory scale sticking out of the pocket of the young surveyor, and perhaps half suspecting its object, suddenly pulled it out and asked eagerly: "What dis for?"

Michael was somewhat taken by surprise but declared, "Oh, it's only a rule, to make lines so I can talk on paper to my friends in the settlements."

This seemed to satisfy the old chief.

Michael now asked Rice if he had brought any flour. "Yes," he answered, but signified that it would be well to ask the chief's permission to take it away. The old chief graciously answered that he might have part of it, upon which the white men went down to the canoe. Rice inquired of Michael whether he would venture to take a pound or two of salt, which he had sewed up in a cloth, and which, the evening before, he had successfully secreted from the Indians.

Hardly any risk was too great to secure so desirable an article; and accordingly, when some five and twenty pounds of flour were put into a bag, the little wallet of salt was placed near the center.

The ever-watchful Chief discovering that something of a suspicious nature was going on, came down to the canoe, and commenced feeling the outside of the bag with nimble fingers, but very fortunately he did not happen to detect the salt. Its discovery might have cost the white men their lives.

Michael now took his leave of the Indians, shaking hands with all. Powder, however, remained sitting apart on the log, as surly as a bear. Michael went up to him, but Powder made no motion to accept his parting salutation. Bedinger, however, seized his re-

luctant hand, giving it a hearty squeeze. Then, mounting his horse, with a wary eye on his friend Powder, who he feared might have reserved this opportunity to shoot him, he dashed into the bushes and was lost to view.

CHAPTER XIII

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

CARRINGTON'S party continued their surveys until early in December, when the advancing season admonished them by frosty nights and inclement weather that it was time to seek winter quarters.

Michael now became almost helpless from rheumatism, which had been increasing in severity throughout the autumn. Their camp, at this time, was on the border of a small pond in the cane-brake, a few miles from the shores of the Ohio, and in the country between Tradewater and Cumberland Rivers.

Michael found himself unable to undertake the long journey back to the settlements. The party, therefore, abandoned him to his fate. He was to be left alone in the bitter wintry weather, ill and helpless; without any of the comforts of civilization. To be ill in one's own comfortable home, or in the carefully tended wards of a hospital, is a dismal trial; but to be left helpless in such a wilderness, under such conditions, was a calamity.

Carrington was his friend, for whom he had over and again exposed himself. It was in his zeal to aid him that Michael had contracted his painful disease, and yet that gentleman took leave of him and went back to the safety and comfort of the settled districts, where he announced that he had left Bedinger in a dying condition, and that by that time he was doubtless dead.

It is very certain that, had their positions been reversed, Michael would never have abandoned Carrington. It was a large party; they had servants and

other followers. If Michael were unable to sit a horse, one would suppose that, at least, they might have made a litter, as was done for the wounded after St. Clair's defeat, and, in this manner, by taking turns, they could have brought him with them to be nursed at the nearest station. But no, they abandoned him to his fate; left him surrounded by hostile Indians; by wild creatures made savage with hunger; by all the terrors of the wilderness.

One of his chain-bearers, alone, offered, for a goodly sum, to remain with him, and this offer was accepted. It is hard to tell what were the motives that induced this man, whose name was John Stovall, to make the offer to remain behind in the forest, with a helpless companion, at that inclement season. But he probably had his own reasons. Perhaps he feared to return to the towns, where he may have been wanted for more than one dark deed. For this man was the true type of border ruffian, and one of the most dangerous of his class.

Carrington took leave of his *friend* and brother officer. He had nothing else to leave him, says Dr. Draper in his account of this episode, except a green baize shirt. Even this, he continues, was peculiarly acceptable to one in his destitute condition! Before their departure the hunters had killed a fine, fat bear, and left him a supply of meat.

The party of surveyors had their own hardships, and were severely frost bitten before they reached their destination; where, as I have said, they reported that they had left Bedinger as good as dead, and that he would never be seen again. This must have been sad news for his poor old mother if it ever reached her. He had been many months in the wilder-

ness, and it is probable that his family had had no tidings from him during his absence.

And now, far away from his friends, with a cheerless prospect before him, he was left in the deep solitude of the winter with a companion whose society was far worse than none. For Stovall was a heartless and treacherous man.

They were ill provided for the severity of the season. Each had his summer outfit which consisted of a buckskin hunting-frock, and breeches of the same. Instead of being regularly stitched these breeches were tied with leather strips from half an inch to an inch and a half apart, the knots outside, and sometimes dangling down. These strings supplied the place of buttons, unprocurable at that time.

In addition to these garments Michael wore, under his hunting-frock, a camlet jacket that had seen its best days, and his green baize shirt. He wore also, an old cocked hat, which was a souvenir of the Revolution and a good pair of buckskin moccasins, lined with dry beech leaves, as a substitute for socks. It should be added that when the moccasins were once frozen it was deemed necessary to keep them so, to prevent the leaves within from becoming wet and uncomfortable.

Stovall's headgear was a curiously fashioned cap, which he had made without much pretension to fit, by skinning the carcase of a large, wild grey goose. This, with the feathers and down exposed to the weather, and strings to fasten beneath the chin, presented altogether, says Dr. Draper, "as singularly ludicrous an appearance as ever graced the head of a hunter since the days of Nimrod the mighty. Add to this a long, unshaven beard, and a naturally ugly and sinister

countenance; small ferocious eyes, and a malignant expression; rifle and shot-pouch, properly adjusted; scalping knife and tomahawk in his belt, and we have John Stovall pictured to the life."

They continued in this sequestered camp in the cane-brake for several weeks. They had plenty of provisions, and as the Indians were still in the country Stovall thought it most prudent to remain concealed. A blanket stretched upon poles sheltered them from the storm, and a good camp-fire served the double purpose of keeping them warm and cooking their meat.

The days must have passed tediously enough for such an active spirit as Michael Bedinger. He was glad of anything that broke the monotony of his long hours of suffering, and, one day, he noticed, on a branch of a sapling that hung over the camp, a lonely little parouquet, which had a broken wing, and could not fly. It had evidently sought the protection of the fire, and in its desperate situation it seemed to form the determination to trust itself to the humanity of the hunters.

Michael watched it, and coaxed it by sprinkling a little parched corn meal upon the ground near the sapling. It slowly commenced its descent, by fastening its bill in the bark, stretching its legs to their utmost capacity, securing a good foothold with its claws, when it would loosen its bill, and re-fastening it between its feet, let itself down as before, and in this manner it finally descended to the ground. The poor bird seemed half starved, and began to peck at the meal and some grape seeds and bits of meat which Michael scattered for it. At last it slowly came up to him, and allowed him to smoothe its feathers and fondle it. It now

became very tame and grateful for the kindness shown it. Every day it came down from the sapling for its food, and every evening it returned to its perch at the top of the little tree.

Michael was young, and naturally bold and light-hearted. He did not give way to despondency, but set himself to work to regain health and strength. He called to mind the Indian custom of curing rheumatism by cold water bathing, and determined to make the trial. The weather was freezing, yet he dragged himself down to the little pond, which was only a few yards off, and plunged into it. It was so cold that, when he came out, the water, running down his hair, would freeze into little icicles. He dressed himself and laid down by a blazing fire, and strange to say, this heroic treatment was attended with good results. The reaction that set in produced a feeling of warmth and comfort that he could obtain in no other way. His first experiment was so satisfactory that he often repeated it, and it was followed by the most gratifying improvement.

At first Stovall was on his good behavior. He brought water to fill their camp kettle, and proved himself an adept in forest cookery. They had, besides their little kettle, a pint tin cup, a spoon or two made of hickory bark or buffalo horn, a tomahawk, and the ever-needful butcher knife, which also performed the duties of a razor. Michael had his pet paroquet and his experiments on himself for the cure of his rheumatism as his sole occupations, but his lot was a safe and tranquil one compared to what it soon became.

As time went on the blackness of Stovall's character began to show itself in a more and more ugly light. One day he carried off and secreted Michael's toma-

hawk, while he slept. When Michael missed it he declared that the Indians must have crept into camp during his absence and stolen it.

In the long evenings, as they sat around the flickering fire, some strange impulse impelled him to open his heart to Michael, and show him all its ugly depths. He would, by the hour, recount his crimes and deeds of successful rascality, leering on him the while, like a very devil. He did indeed seem possessed by evil spirits, and at this time, he had apparently made up his mind that Michael should never return to civilization, to make known to the world the true character of his companion.

Sometimes he would make obscene allusions or dark inuendoes that might shock and disgust and fill with apprehensions a strong and able-bodied man, left alone with such a villian.

"You must be a great rascal indeed," Michael would say, "if half of all you tell me is true." Stovall would reply by a low, chuckling laugh, and go coolly on with his grisly adventures.

Weak, lonely, and dependent as Michael was, he was obliged to keep ever on the alert, and endeavor to make the best of his situation. At last he felt himself so far recovered that, about Christmas, he concluded to attempt the homeward journey.

With the remains of their bear meat they set out on the long way, following the waters of the Little River, a tributary of the Cumberland. Before they had gone far Michael was so fortunate as to kill an unusually fat buffalo cow. He sat down on a log to dress some of the meat, and Stovall sat behind him on the same log, handling his rifle on his knees. The gun went off, the ball barely missing Michael. It

would, indeed, have passed through his body, had he not, the moment before, suddenly changed his position.

Michael more than suspected that it was no accident, but thinking it was better not to charge him with evil intentions, he reproved him sharply for his carelessness. Stovall declared that he was trying to kindle a fire, and wanting to save the load in his gun he had plugged the touch-hole, while he flashed some powder, and that it was in this manner that the *accident* occurred.

"That is no good reason," said Michael, "why you should have pointed your gun at me."

Now more than ever assured of the wickedness of Stovall, he continued on, directing his course to the mouth of the Big Barren River. The earth was covered with snow. Michael kept a wary eye on the movements of his murderous companion, and noticed that, every now and then, he bore off to the left of their route, and then fell behind, following along the trail as if his purpose was to get another shot at his companion. Michael's vigilance alone prevented this catastrophe.

On the following day he continued these manœuvres, stealing off to the left. Michael concluded to endeavor to get rid of him. He therefore went out of the direct path, and pushed on several miles alone. At last he heard the distant report of Stovall's gun, evidently fired as a signal to him of his whereabouts. He very imprudently decided to answer, and upon examining his powder and finding that he had five charges left, beside the load in his rifle, fired in reply. On further reflection he decided that he had done unwisely, and determined to keep out of his way.

He heard him fire again, but this time he did not reply, but bore off to the right, to break the course, as well as to take the south side of a range of hills where the snow had been swept off by the wind. In this manner he hoped to be able to prevent the murderer from tracking him. But he was not to get off so easily.

For a day or two he went on alone, and about the third day he reached an elevation with a valley below. It was the valley along Green River, some distance below Big Barren. But he was not sure of his position until he reached the river.

As he descended the hill towards the stream he came upon fresh tracks of a moccasined foot, and concluded that they were made by an Indian. He concealed himself in the cane-brake near the bank, and was stealthily proceeding through it when, suddenly, he came upon Stovall. So thick was the cane that they had nearly come in contact before they perceived each other; and the meeting was as cold as it was unexpected.

"Is this you, Stovall?" asked Michael, and Stovall grunted in answer. In a few moments they came out of the cane and found themselves near the river bank.

It was night-fall. A fine white oak still covered with dry brown foliage, furnished a suitable spot for making their camp. The overhanging leaves had kept the ground bare of snow beneath them; and at a desirable distance from the tree was a log against which to build the camp fire. Major Bedinger set his gun down against the tree, and went and cut an arm full of cane, upon which to spend the night. While in the act of spreading the cane, Stovall, who was sitting upon the log with his rifle in his lap, fired directly at him, and once again Michael narrowly escaped. The

ball and ramrod would have passed through his abdomen had he not, at that moment, bent forward to arrange his bed of cane. As it was the ball and ramrod missed their aim, and struck the oak, which shivered the rod to pieces. Incensed at this treacherous conduct, Michael instantly snatched his rifle, and levelled it at Stovall's forehead. But he, falling on his knees, begged piteously for his life, declaring that he "was the d---est fool in the world for such *carelessness*," and if Bedinger would only spare him, he would go before him all the way, and would not even flash a gun in his presence. Michael could not resist his appeal, and the perfidious wretch was suffered to escape, for that time, a well-merited death.

Their supply of buffalo jerk was now exhausted, and Michael lay down supperless upon his bed of cane, with his head near the trunk of the tree and his feet to the fire; his blanket his only covering, and his hand on his knife. It was a cold and cheerless night, and by and by Stovall, weary and shivering, laid himself carefully down at Michael's back, and there passed the night in silence.

The next day they passed Green River. Stovall took the lead, according to his proposal the night before. Ere long a large, gaunt wolf crossed the trail, whereupon he drew up, and, with a single shot, broke both his fore legs. In this condition the disabled animal managed, partly by hopping on his hind legs and partly by rolling, to reach a fallen tree, a few rods off, the trunk of which was slightly elevated from the ground. Under this the wolf sought protection.

The two men came up, and Michael placed one end of a pole under his feet, and the other upon the neck of the prostrate wolf. Stovall then drew his knife

and plunged it to the hilt in the animal's heart. The wolf, in a dying effort, extricated its head from its confinement, snapped savagely at Stovall's hand, and barely missed it. It almost immediately expired, and, in a few moments, each of them had a fore quarter of wolf meat, for Stovall insisted that it would save life. It was a sorry dependence, for the creature was miserably thin, without the least appearance of fat, and withal had a most unsavory smell.

The two men trudged along, striking across the country, and to, and then up, Caney Creek; thence over to Rough Creek, of which Caney was a branch; then up Clifty to another tributary, all the while following a trail hemmed in with a thick growth of canes, and passing over a partly flooded, frozen region of low country. Along the margin of these streams they made their painful way, frequently breaking through the ice into the mud and water, moccasin deep; and always the weather was cold, raw, and disagreeable in the extreme.

The second night after leaving Green River their hunger was so great that they attempted to make a meal of wolf meat. Stovall made a stew of his in their little camp kettle, and succeeded in eating a few morsels. Michael roasted his quarter all night before the fire, but even after it was thoroughly cooked, he was unable to swallow a mouthful. The experiment in wolf meat was set down by him as a total failure, and he never tried it again.

During the afternoon of the fourth day from Green River, as they were nearing Severn's Valley, they found some scattered grains of corn along the trail, which had evidently, from the tracks, dropped from the ruptured bag of some solitary passer-by on horse-

back. This discovery cheered their drooping spirits: every kernel was carefully picked up and husbanded until their camp cup was nearly filled.

Night was now stealing rapidly upon them, and while looking out for a suitable place for camping, they found on the bank of Clifty a poor, wounded dog, unable to walk, and who seemed extremely glad to see them. Here they camped for the night, and, after striking up a good fire, the first thought was to fill the kettle, put in the corn, and set it merrily boiling. They were too hungry to wait long enough to make a few ashes for the purpose of hulling the corn; half cooked and unsalted, they devoured the little pittance. The silent yet eloquent appeal of the eyes of the wounded dog touched the kind heart of Michael, and he gave the suffering creature a spoonful of the precious food.

It was a stormy night, cold and sleety. The single blanket covered them both, as they stretched before the fire. The weight of the snow and sleet upon the branches of the surrounding forest, caused many a limb and tree-top to fall, sometimes fearfully near them. The blanket was soon saturated with water, but the heat of their bodies prevented it from freezing, which would have made them more comfortable.

Sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question. Michael felt certain that if Stovall ever intended to make any further attempt upon his life he would do it that night, as they were within a day's march of the settlement. He therefore spent the long hours, wakeful and on guard, with his hand upon his knife, ready to use it at a moment's warning. But his resolute and determined conduct when the degenerate wretch had a second time basely attempted to shoot him had evidently subdued that bloodthirsty spirit for the time, and he lay passive by his side.

Early next morning they resumed their journey. Michael much regretted that he was obliged to leave the helpless dog behind. Towards midday they met a man on horseback, who had shortly before been out bear-hunting with his trusty dog. In a fight with one of these animals he had been severely wounded, and his master was now on his way with a supply of meat to feed the lacerated creature, intending to put him on the horse before him, and thus return to the settlement. Such is the value which the backwoodsmen set upon a good and faithful dog; their brave companion in the chase by day, and their vigilant sentinel by night.

The stranger told them that it was but thirteen miles to Van Meter's in the Valley. This was the same Van Meter who had been so helpful to Michael and Lewis Fields on a former occasion, when they arrived at his cabin in a starving condition. The settler gave them some of the food he carried; and now their toilsome journey was nearly done.

The time of the year was January, and it was one hundred and eight days since Michael Bedinger had seen a settlement, or even a single log cabin. Within that long and dreary time his sufferings had been very great; his danger terrible. And now, in a most wonderful manner, he had escaped them all.

They reached Van Meter's, and Mrs. Van Meter, good, motherly housewife, set nourishing food before them. That night they rested in comfort and safety.

Next morning Michael bid farewell to Stovall, after appointing a day and place to meet him, for the settling of his account. "Never let me see your face afterwards," he said to him.

They met once more at the Falls of the Ohio. Stovall showed some signs of shame and remorse, and,

having received his money, disappeared out of Michael's life. Returning to his wicked ways he was, a few years afterwards, detected, convicted, and hung, and thus, says Dr. Draper, "perished John Stovall, brazen, reckless, and bloodthirsty to the last."

CHAPTER XIV

HOME AGAIN

MICHAEL remained at the Falls several weeks, recruiting his strength, copying his field notes, and making plots of his surveys. It was perhaps in the fall of 1785 that his great friend and companion of 1779, Ralph Morgan, took to himself a wife. This was a little Irish widow, whose name I do not know. Widows were plenty in those days and in that country. Her husband had been killed by the Indians and indeed she may have been the very one that was taken captive by Indians in Tygart's Valley, in 1781. Colonel Lowther, with a party of men, went in pursuit of these savages, and surprised them in camp, early in the morning. They fled without taking time to murder more than one of their prisoners. Withers, in his *Border Warfare*, tells us that as soon as the white men opened fire upon the camp, Mrs. Rony, one of the prisoners, ran as fast as she could towards her rescuers, calling out: "I'm Ellick Rony's wife, of the Valley! I'm Ellick Rony's wife, of the Valley! and a pretty little woman, too, if I was well dressed!"

Her husband and son were both killed by the Indians, but, in her excitement, she forgot everything except that she was delivered out of the hands of the savages. But she didn't forget that she was a woman!

Another of the prisoners, found in the camp, the Indians had bound and blackened, preparatory to torturing him to death. When the white men found him they, at first, took him for a crouching Indian, and one of them, stopping, raised his rifle, calling out that, if he did not tell them who he was, he would be killed.

The poor Irishman was so bewildered that he could not remember his own name, and, in the extremity of terror exclaimed, "Howly Mother! and am I to be killed by white paple at last!"

Colonel Lowther heard him, and his life was saved.

Whoever the little Irish widow may have been, it is certain that they had a wedding and a jollification, and that Michael was one of the guests. The wedding party rode from Strode's Station to McGee's Fort, where old Parson McClure tied the knot, and the company was regaled with watermelons, huge in size and many in number. McGee's Fort was about twelve miles from Strode's Station.

To go back to the winter of 1785: Michael remained at the Falls of Ohio all the cold season. While he was there several Indian chiefs of different tribes came in to visit General Clarke, who had his headquarters at that place, to make peace with him. Among these was a chief called Captain Nation, and another called Mud, both Delawares.

A settler named Joe Blackford, who had lost some relatives during the Indian troubles, made his appearance at the Falls, determined to have his revenge. He courted the acquaintance of Captain Nation, and drank freely with him, all the time intending to murder him at the first opportunity that presented.

The Indian, suspecting nothing, became very friendly with him, and they arranged to go out hunting together. Some of the white men, who had heard Blackford boast of the vengeance he intended to take, cautioned Nation to beware of him, for that he meant to kill him.

"Oh, no," replied he. "My brother won't hurt me!"

At that time, when there were, no doubt, many

desperadoes in camp, it was considered wise to have a separate lodgment for the visiting Indians, who, themselves, when excited with drink, were disposed to be extremely turbulent. Accordingly they were sent across the river every evening to lodge on the opposite bank.

One night Blackford offered to cross the stream with Nation, in order, as he said, to take an early start the next morning on their hunting expedition. Accordingly, towards nightfall, he and the old chief set out together. Blackford carried a double-barrelled rifle, and, while they were in the path leading down below the Falls to the Ferry, and between the graveyard and the river, he, walking behind, took aim and shot at his unsuspecting companion. The ball, however, did no harm, though it singed the hair on one side of his head.

Blackford apologized for what he called an *accident*, and reloaded his gun. Even yet, the confiding Indian seems to have entertained no suspicion of the white man's intentions. They proceeded on towards the ferry, where the treacherous woodsman managed to get another shot, and this time it was fatal.

Poor Mud and one or two Piankeshaw Indians were left to lament over the dead body of their chief.

The cold-hearted murderer immediately left, and Major Bedinger, who soon reached the spot, endeavored to pacify the poor Delaware by telling him that it was one of the bad men of the whites who had done the deed, and that, if he were caught, they would hang him.

"Oh," exclaimed Mud, feelingly. "Let me kill him! let me kill him!"

A few evenings after this while Major Bedinger

was writing in his room, the door suddenly burst open, and Mud rushed in, declaring that a man had chased him with a long knife, threatening to kill him. Michael begged him to be quiet, and told him that he should not be hurt, and that he would protect him. He offered to share his room with him for the night for safety.

"He then," says Dr. Draper, "gave Mud food and drink, and the confiding Indian threw off his overshirt, leggings, and breech-clout, and then stretched himself *under the bed.*"

It was during Major Bedinger's stay at the Falls this winter that a Piankeshaw chief, accompanied by four warriors, came in to make peace. He was a large, noble-looking savage, and brought written evidence from whites and traders in the region where he lived, which was on the Wabash, that he had suffered from his Indian brothers because he had refused to join them against the whites.

In council, which Michael attended, the peace-pipe was smoked; after which the chief made a most eloquent speech. He recounted his sufferings in the cause of the white men, and spoke of his desire to live in brotherhood with them. He said that he knew the day must soon come when the white men would prevail, and he was content that it should be so. He then contrasted his own ragged and barefooted condition with that of General Clarke and the other officers who heard him. "My color is darker than yours," he declared, "but my heart is as fair as yours. Remember that I took up the hatchet in your defence when you were weak, and do not now forget me in the days of your greatness and prosperity."

This speech was delivered with great force, and much feeling, and with graceful gestures. Clarke made a suitable reply, and gave him many presents.

At one time, in the following spring, Major Bedinger killed a rattlesnake near the cabin of Andrew Rowan. He showed it to Mrs. Rowan, who declared that, "If any one would swallow a rattlesnake's heart alive, it would bring him great good fortune." Her son, a boy of twelve, who was standing by, immediately opened the snake, and taking from it the still quivering heart, swallowed it in a twink! This son was subsequently a Senator in Congress, and afterwards a Judge on the Bench!

And now Michael, tired of roaming, turned his steps homeward, and no doubt rejoiced the heart of his old mother, who may well have given him up for dead. We have no records for this year, nor do we know exactly when he arrived in Shepherdstown. Indeed none of the correspondence of the family, except a scattered letter or two, earlier than the year 1791, has been preserved.

It seems, however, that Michael, probably to please his mother, bought, at this time, his Sidling Hill property in Maryland, not far from Hagerstown. Sidling Hills are low ranges of foothills extending diagonally across the northwest corner of Maryland and into Pennsylvania. Here he built a saw and grist mill; but, with his incorrigible habit of trusting in the generosity and honesty of all mankind, he seems to have been cheated in the bargain, and afterwards discovered that the man who sold him the property, and who promptly left the country, had no proper title to it.

Heretofore, we have had no hint of George Michael's love affairs, and indeed it does not seem that he had any. But now his time had come, and the young woman who was to be his wife presented herself. It appears that she did, literally, make a present of herself to the young man.

In Westmoreland County dwelt a family of Keenes, people of good family and abundant means. The father, Newton Keene, was an Englishman, and related to Sir Isaac Newton. We find his name on the parish records of the county as a vestryman. But in 1786 he had passed away. One of his daughters had married one of the three Westfall brothers, all three of whom were captains in the Revolution. This Captain Westfall lived in Shepherdstown, and Mrs. Keene, then a wealthy widow, with her unmarried daughters, came to visit that town in the fall of 1786. Nancy, one of these girls, is described as an amiable and lovely young lady, and Major Bedinger fell deeply in love with her.

One day he met her at the house of his sister, Mrs. Abel Morgan, where she was visiting. He told her that he must soon leave again for Kentucky, upon which she intimated that she would like nothing better than to live in that far-famed Eldorado of the West.

Michael frankly told her that his surveys demanded his immediate attention in the Green River country, and that it would take him a long time to complete them. He added that he could not think of asking any one to share with him the dangers and privations of a life in the wilderness. But Nancy answered: "I would rather live in the backwoods with the man that I love, and hoe corn, than stay here in luxury without him!"

"If that is so, Nancy," Michael replied, "we'll be married on Christmas day!"

Christmas day was only a few days off. But they *were* married on that day, and now, no doubt, Michael's friends and relations hoped that he would settle down, and pursue a peaceful calling. He was

much too tenderhearted to take his wife to the backwoods. They went to live at the Sidling Hill Mills.

But their happiness was of very brief duration. Sickness laid Major Bedinger low; it was a sort of nervous and rheumatic fever, the result, no doubt, of his years of exposure. When he was recovering, his wife fell ill, and died in October, 1787, to his great grief, leaving him an infant daughter.

This oldest child of George Michael Bedinger was christened Sarah Keene. Her grandmother, the widow, Mrs. Sarah Keene, took her with her when she returned to her estate in Westmoreland County.

And now Michael was again free and homeless, for after his wife's death he could not bear to remain at Sidling Hill Mills. He never seems to have visited the place again. He entrusted the management of his affairs at the east to his brother Jacob, and it appears that he never received anything at all for his Maryland property.

He often, in later years, especially regretted the loss of a chest full of valuable papers which he left in his miller's care. The miller died or left, and the chest was never recovered. It contained important land claims and maps of plots he had surveyed, besides his commissions, discharges, and other military papers. The want of some of these documents involved him, in after life, in vexatious law suits, and gave him much trouble. Possibly those same documents, may be, even now, in some dusty Maryland attic, or hidden in the lumber room of one of the later owners of the Sidling Hill Mills. They would be an interesting find for the antiquary. In a letter to his Brother Henry, written many years later, he says that he would rather have the honorable discharge given him after the battle of Germantown than a thousand dollars, cash.

CHAPTER XV

THE ATTACK AT SANDY CREEK

WHEN Michael was thoroughly recovered from his long sickness, he again left his mother's house, where he had spent some months, and went back to Kentucky to pursue his calling. Besides his land-surveying for others, he had accumulated a good deal of land for himself. On his arrival in Kentucky he found his papers left there all destroyed. A man named O'Bannon, hearing that he had sickened and died in Maryland, had claimed the papers, as he had aided in locating the tracts which they described. How he settled this matter I do not know. It is certain, however, that he became possessed of very large tracts of land, amounting to thousands of acres in different parts of Kentucky. Although he was afterwards, like almost all the early inhabitants of that country, involved in endless law suits between conflicting land claimants, yet he possessed a great deal of property, consisting of lands, mills, houses and taverns. Indeed, nearly, if not all, of the settlement called the Lower Blue Licks, belonged to him. He was able to give a farm to each one of his children.

However, this is to anticipate. Bedinger made one or more journeys backwards and forwards from Kentucky to Virginia in the years that followed the breaking up of his home. In the autumn of 1788, he started home with a party of friends from one of his surveying expeditions.

The party consisted of James Marshall, Colonel Marquis Calmes, John Elliott, and three others, with several servants. They started for Virginia by way

of Big Sandy, and what was called the Greenbriar Trace, a road through the Greenbriar Valley. A man called Charles Van Couver, who had lands on the Big Sandy, proceeded with them as far as that river.

All the party were well-mounted, and set out from Strode's Station, to Morgan's Station, probably the home of Ralph Morgan, above Little Mountain. From this place they rode to Licking, which they crossed, and went on up Triplett's Creek several days without misadventure.

One night they camped within a few miles of Little Sandy, hobbled their horses, and turned them out to graze; made their fire, and cooked their supper. While they were gathered around the fire in the evening, they heard the hooting of an owl on one side of the camp, and soon another answered in the opposite direction.

Colonel Calmes and Major Bedinger, both old and experienced Indian fighters, began to suspect danger, and decided to get to their horses, and have them ready in case of an attack. Some of the others laughed at the idea of being frightened by owls, but the wiser heads caught and secured their horses, and the others followed their example. The animals were fastened to saplings near at hand, and again they encamped, and soon lay down to rest.

Occasionally they heard the dismal hooting of an owl, and sometimes the ominous croaking of a raven, and a light rustling in the leaves of the thicket. They were now convinced that an Indian party had followed on their trail, and were about to surround them in camp. So they concluded to mount and be off. It was still some hours before day, and they dared not risk an attack, for, although there were ten men in the party,

they were not prepared for a fight. There were not more than four or five guns and one or two pistols among them.

They mounted their horses, and left without molestation. When they had ridden several miles from the spot their horses began to droop; and they dismounted and turned them out to feed upon the rich wild peavines which grew abundantly along the slopes of the hills.

After a short rest they again mounted and proceeded on their way; crossed Little Sandy, and bent their course up the river on the western bank. Soon they heard again the croaking of a raven across the river.

"There," said some one, "is that hateful sound again following us."

They now began to be very suspicious of an ambuscade, and had gone on hardly a mile up the river when they came to a piece of low land, very wet and miry, through which they passed, and neared a bluff at the foot of which a narrow trail passed between it and the river. Here they proceeded cautiously along, and had scarcely entered the defile when the sharp crack of Indian rifles rang out, from behind a large fallen tree, close to the river bank. The horses snorted, and jumped. Colonel Calmes, who was in front, and had just entered the narrowest part of the defile, spurred the animal up the steep rocky bluff, and escaped;—it was an astonishing feat!

Several of the party, by the sudden start of their horses, lost their hats and other possessions; all wheeled, and dashed off through the miry flat.

Michael rode a young, fiery animal, and was in the rear when the Indians fired. The report of the guns, and the yells of the Indians, made his horse jump

suddenly to one side, almost throwing his rider. But he recovered himself, and in the act of doing so, he succeeded in saving his saddle-bags, which had nearly lost their balance.

All this passed in a moment, and while he was trying to restrain the plunging horse, two Indians came running up beside him with uplifted tomahawks and blood-chilling yells. The animal was not easy to approach, and seeing him nearly unhorsed, they supposed him wounded, and completely in their power. Partly favored by the kicking and plunging of the frightened animal, Michael, as soon as he found himself firmly settled in the saddle, spurred him out of the defile, and galloped away.

Again he found himself in the rear of his party, whom he pursued for some time, shouting to them: "Halt! Halt! Come back and we'll give them h—!"

But they showed no disposition to obey. All except Marshall dashed on at the top of their speed. When they had put a mile or more between them and the scene of the ambushade Michael and Marshall at last persuaded them to halt. Neither man nor beast was found to be the worse for the adventure. It was a miraculous escape.

They came to the conclusion, from the fire, and the trail made by the savages, that there were about ten Indians on the war-path, and fearing that their retreat might be cut off, and poorly armed as they were, they thought it prudent to abandon the journey and return to the settlements. After passing Licking River and beyond the reach of the enemy they were joking and laughing; telling and re-telling the incidents of their escape. Marshall observed, half seriously, that he particularly noticed that Van Couver was white as

a sheet with fear. At this Van Couver, who had a fiery temper, thought himself insulted, and immediately challenged Marshall to dismount and he would give him an opportunity of trying his courage. Marshall was too proud to let such a challenge pass, and they were about to fight one of those bloody duels of the time, in nearly all of which one or both combatants were killed or severely wounded. Just at this moment Colonel Calmes rode up and joined them, and as soon as he heard what was forward, he declared that Marshall was only joking, for that he heard him say distinctly that in the surprise Van Couver was as brave as Julius Cæsar. The proud Dutchman eagerly swallowed the extravagant compliment, and a reconciliation was effected. They all returned to the settlements in friendship and good will.

CHAPTER XVI

MAJOR BEDINGER IN ST. CLAIR'S CAMPAIGN

LITTLE has come down to us of the wanderings and adventures of Michael Bedinger in the years between the death of his wife and St. Clair's campaign of 1791. The Indians became daily more aggressive, and there were constant alarms in the Kentucky settlements. Of the little company of brave frontiersmen who had defended Boonesborough in 1779, many were killed by the Indians. Some had gone further west, and were settled in Tennessee. In those days there were few families who had not to mourn some near relation massacred by the savages, taken prisoner in some raid, or, worst of all, reserved for a terrible death by torture.

When Michael lived in Virginia, among his most intimate friends and companions were the Lucas boys, a very numerous family, all sons of Mr. Edward Lucas, who lived on the Charles Town road, in the home now occupied by some of his descendants. This gentleman was the father of Lieutenants William and Edward Lucas, who, with Michael Bedinger, were the three young officers who helped to drill Captain William Morgan's company in 1777.

The old home nest becoming too crowded, these boys, brave and adventurous, emigrated to Ohio and Tennessee, where three of them were killed and two more wounded by the Indians. The son of one of them was a Governor of Ohio, and their descendants are still numerous in the west.

No member of the Bedinger family was killed by Indians except a cousin who lived in western Penn-

sylvania. But Michael lost many friends in this way. During the years from 1787 to 1791, he was in Kentucky sharing the rough wild life of the frontiers: sometimes surveying for his old comrades in arms; and sometimes joining in offensive and defensive manœuvres against the Indians. He is said to have been highly esteemed by Governor St. Clair, who employed him more than once on embassies to friendly tribes. In 1790 he became intimately acquainted with an old Indian trader named Morehead, who, like himself, had no fear of these savages, and who had been engaged in trading with them more than twenty years. So scrupulously just was this old man in all his dealings with them, that they held him in the highest esteem and respect, and always called him by an Indian name which signified "the honest whiteman!"

Michael, who had the ambition and restless spirit of a born explorer, had conceived a plan of making a trip on foot to the Pacific, to examine the country, and to learn the numbers and condition of the Indian tribes of the west. Morehead, whose knowledge of the Indian character was great, thought the project not only feasible but desirable, and that they might be of much use both to the government and the frontier settlements. Simon Kenton, David Williams, John McIntyre,—all men of the woods and as well adapted as the Indians themselves for a service which required so much caution, hardihood, and endurance,—had agreed to join Michael in the enterprise. Four other bold and resourceful men, one of them the son of Morehead, offered their services.

The patronage of the government was to be secured, but before the plan was fully matured, Michael received a letter from Colonel Darke, his old commander

of the Revolution, inclosing a commission from President Washington appointing him Major, with the command of a battalion of the Virginia Levies, and his friends urged him to aid in bringing the Indian war to a close, before engaging in such a hazardous undertaking.

"Thus fell through," says Dr. Draper, "a noble conception, pronounced quixotic by some at the time, but which might have been as successfully accomplished, after the peace of Greenville, as was the expedition of Lewis and Clark several years afterwards."

During the course of his wandering life in Kentucky he stayed some times at Boonesboro'; at Strode's Station; at George Caldwell's near Danville; at Captain Abraham Chapline's, who lived at Harrodsburg; and at General John Clark's, near Louisville, or, as it was at first called, the Falls of Ohio. His friends were the bravest and best of the frontiersmen, the pioneer heroes of the west; such men as Daniel Boone, the Croghans, Simon Kenton, the Clarks, and Swearingens.

Major Thomas Swearingen; Captain Van Swearingen called "Indian Van;" Colonel Andrew Swearingen, and Benoni, were all brothers. Benoni, Michael's old comrade-in-arms, married his sister, Sallie Bedinger, soon after the Revolution, and was now living in Maryland, just across the river from Shepherdstown. He was a man of some prominence, and represented his county in the Maryland Assembly for several years. His brothers, Andrew and "Indian Van," lived near Wheeling, and led the perilous lives of the borderers in those days of Indian depredations.

One of "Indian Van's" sons desired to be a trader, which was, at one time, his father's calling. This boy,

a lad in his teens, went with some friendly Indians to their village, to learn their language and customs. He was full of mischief, and would play practical jokes on the Indians, but they had promised his father to treat him kindly, and they kept their word. They promised "Indian Van" that, if he should die while with them, they would bring him his body that he might be satisfied they had not caused his death.

They returned him safe, but a short time afterwards, while he was out hunting across the Ohio, in the Indian Country, he disappeared. I have seen an old letter from "Indian Van" to his cousin, Captain Josiah Swearingen, of Berkeley County, Virginia, in which he says: "My son Thomas is still missing & I can heare nothing from him. A great deale of sarch has Ben made for his Bones—in one the messenger that went to the nations to inquire after him has not yet Returned. I am on a ugley frontear and Lost my Best Gunn when Dave Cox was killed * * * If I have aney tenent that Could be Credited for a gun or two that is good with small Boor as mabe they Can pay in Barter I wish you to cend them to me by the Barrer (bearer) Haston, and give Credit for the same to the tenent. I should not ask such a ornreasonable faver But I expect to Be shut up or Be after the Indens all next Season & want to Be well armd * * * the Indens is constantly Dowing mischief & I expect a Despert wor—the Inden nations have Sent a Late Letter to the Inden agent Informing that they will not give aney part of thir Land up to Congress except thay Luse it By the sword, I Believe thay are Backt By the Brittish & thir frends in the Canaday & Detroyt Cuntreys—"

This letter is dated December 16th, 1787, and is written from Ohio County, Virginia.

There are others of these letters giving most graphic accounts of the occurrences at Swearingen's Fort, but they have nothing to do with the fortunes of Michael, though they illustrate the life in the backwoods at that day. "Indian Van" never learned the fate of his son, nor recovered his bones. Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," mentions this disappearance of young Thomas Swearingen.

"Indian Van" was, himself, at one time, captured by the Indians, and, as Dr. Draper heard this incident from the lips of Michael Bedinger, we will relate it here.

During a short respite of peace the Indians came to the neighborhood of Fort Swearingen, or Swearingen's Station, as it was generally called, as it was not a military post, and stole some horses. Indian Van collected some of the settlers and pursued. They fought and put to flight the Indians, after killing several of them, and recapturing their horses. With the savages was a squaw who could not proceed as quickly as the warrior's. One of Swearingen's men levelled his gun to shoot her, but Van forbade him to do so, reproaching him for making war on women, and saved her life.

The Indians complained that he and his men had broken the treaty between them, whereupon he went of his own accord into their country and gave himself up, making a full explanation of all the circumstances. They held a council and many were in favor of torturing him to death. Their advice prevailed, and some of the most ferocious began to sharpen splinters of wood with which to torment him. At this critical mo-

ment a squaw entered the council house, and went from chief to chief, and from warrior to warrior, in earnest entreaty, speaking in a low, clear voice, with graceful gestures, now pointing to him, and then continuing her low-voiced and merciful persuasion.

Finally, the chiefs answered; there were guttural ejaculations of assent; and then, her looks changing from anxiety to relief, she came up to Van and placed before him a basket of huckleberries.

It was the squaw whose life he had saved, and now she was his deliverer.

"Indian Van" survived the wars many years. He was a large and handsome, dark haired man, brave and generous. His brother, Colonel Andrew, is spoken of, in Withers' "Border Warfare," as a man who had the respect of all who knew him, a good Presbyterian and a fine soldier. All or most of the Swearingens in Berkeley were Episcopalians, but Colonel Andrew, though born in Berkeley, moved to the western part of Virginia, where there was no Episcopalian church until much later.

In the spring of 1791, before Michael Bedinger received his commission as Major under Colonel Darke, he went on one or more expeditions against the Indians, who had again become very troublesome.

On one occasion he and five or six others pursued six Indians who had stolen some horses from a settlement on Hinkston Creek. They failed to find the marauders, and, at last, gave up the pursuit. It seems that Simon Kenton, with a small party from another settlement, were out after the same roving band. Kenton came upon a sunken canoe on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio which gave them the clue, and by means of which and other traces they followed and

came up with the Indians, killing all but one,* who managed to escape.

A short time after this it was decided to pursue the savages to their villages across the Ohio and intimidate them by carrying the war into their own country. Colonel Alexander D. Orr of Mason County raised between one and two hundred men, of whom Michael was one, and he was appointed Adjutant for the expedition.

The party set out from Maysville, crossed Cabin Creek and went on down to the mouth of Salt Lick, where the town of Vancesburg now is. At this place a squabble arose between Orr and Colonel Horatio Hall for the chief command. One company, under Captain Thomas West, sided with Hall, while the rest of the men, perhaps two or three militia companies, sided with Orr. He, therefore, kept the command.

The expedition, however, was badly planned. They went on to the mouth of Tygert's Creek, where they found a fresh beaten path, evidently made by an Indian on sentry duty.

Tygert's Creek flows into the Ohio, and Bedinger and Kenton, who had found a canoe, were the first to cross that river. They soon came upon a deserted Indian camp a short distance above the place where they crossed. Here were feathers and other articles strewn about, among them the works of several watches. Just outside of the camp was a freshly made mound, where they had evidently buried some of their warriors, and here, too, was a ghastly sight, a skeleton of a woman still tied to a sapling. The ground

*G. M. Bedinger, who related the incident to Dr. Draper, was doubtful about the number of Indians killed. He said they either killed one and the rest escaped, or else they killed all but one.

around her was strewed with whips, and the ashes of the fire that had finally consumed her.

This expedition was a failure, very probably because the men could not agree. On their way back they came upon the mutilated bodies of twenty-three soldiers, and they stopped their march to bury these poor fellows, who proved to be a party of soldiers that had been surprised and killed on their way from Fort Washington to Fort Harmar.

There was another abortive campaign undertaken against the Indians in the early summer of 1791. A party under Captain Edward went out to attack the Indian villages, but, when they neared them, they lost heart, filled themselves with blackberries, and returned. Michael Bedinger was not with this party. It was called, "the Blackberry Expedition."

In April, Michael received his commission as Major of a Battalion of Levies for the campaign under St. Clair. This commission is the only one that can now be found among his papers. It is dated April 10th, 1791, and is as follows:

COMMISSION OF GEORGE MICHAEL BEDINGER.

Pursuant to the instructions of the President of the United States bearing date the fourth day of april, 1791, authorizing and empowering me to appoint a number of Officers to serve on the intended Western expedition, against certain tribes of Indians, now in open hostilities, against the Citizens of the aforesaid States; therefore placing an implicit confidence in your Abilities, zeal and good conduct, I, by the aforesaid authority to me given, appoint you Major of a Battalion to be raised in the State of Virginia, and you are to consider this as your Commission for that purpose, until you receive one from the President of

the United States or the Secretary of War, and you are hereby authorized and requested without delay to proceed and raise your Battalion of able-bodied men to serve as Soldiers, the Term of Six Months, unless sooner discharged.

A Company is to consist of Six Sergeants, Six Corporals, one drum and fife, and sixty-nine Rank and File.

A Battalion is to consist of four Companies.

When the men are embodied at the place of rendezvous, they will be furnished with the following articles of Clothing, viz:—One Hat, One Coat, One Vest, One pair of Overalls two shirts, two pair of Shoes, One Stock and Clasp, & one Blanket— It appears by the Act of Congress for raising the Levies, that each Recruiting Officer is to receive two Dollars for every Recruit inlisted and that each Recruit is to receive Three Dollars as a Bounty.

Signed Wm. Darke, Lt. Col.

Commandant Regmt. U. S. Levies

Michael Bedinger accepted his commission and returned to Virginia to raise his Battalion. These were recruited in Berkeley and Frederick Counties, and the Battalion was called the Winchester Battalion. There seem, however, to have been more Berkeley than Frederick County men enlisted.

When the troops were ready to march Major Bedinger set out with them to the rendezvous, which was at a place called Indian Wheeling, opposite the mouth of Wheeling Creek. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and took pride in drilling his men until they were the best soldiers in St. Clair's army. It was mainly this Battalion that, led on by Colonel Darke, the hero of St. Clair's defeat, forced the Indians backward, and

saved the army from annihilation on the fatal fourth of November. But we must not anticipate.

A few of Henry Bedinger's letters to his brother of the year 1791 have been preserved and from them we can see what Major Michael Bedinger's relations thought of his career, and what wholesome advice they gave him. One of these is dated:

Shepherd's Town October 31st.

Dear Brother:— 1791

I have this Day Rec'd your Letter Dated at the Camp on the Great Miami, September 18th, and have Communicated the Contents to our family, who are pleased. I am so myself with your Situation, and am sorry Only because you do not Determine to Continue in so Honorable, so happy an Occupation; provided you had it in your power:—To be Tied down to any one spot & to be confined to any one thing, I know is to you exceedingly Disagreeable, and I am distressed that you Cannot Confine a Disposition which must forever Keep you low, I mean that of Travelling, or seeking New adventures— perhaps it is still your Desire to become the Head of a family? If so in what situation can you do this to better advantage than at the Head of Troops? you are yet Young enough to accumulate a Handsome fortune even in the Army, your age will be no Obstacle for several Years to Come in the Happily Disposing of your person, provided you have Respect, Honor and what is equally Necessary some foundation for Temporal enjoyments, I mean *property*. You plead as an excuse to leave the Army your aged Mother's feelings, the good old Lady has been uneasy frequently tis true, but then her Uneasinesses were caused by the apprehensions she has,

of your not accumulating wealth, at least these made up a part of them, and that you was hitherto so unfortunate as not to provide sufficiently against the arrival of Old Age— for it is natural enough for her to wish that all her Children possess not only a competency, but even superfluity and abundance. Your appointment in the Army has paved the way to this superfluity, & your attention, care, and taking opportunity by the foretop, must bring you to opulence.—

“In what situation of Life or Circumstances must I have now been had I left the army through any little *whims* or *Caprice*, before the war was completely ended— If my Opinions then have any weight with you, If my advice can be Relied on, or If my Judgement is thought not Inferior to our Common Acquaintance,—my Opinion is, that you Ought to remain in the service, my Advice is that you seek to Remain there, and my Judgement Dictates to me, that you Ought to apply every power every faculty to obtain this most Desirable purpose—let me add that were I at this moment in your situation: Nothing in this world should draw away this Desire. Millions there are in each quarter of the Globe who having Birth, fortune, and Education, yet would sacrifice willingly all their fortunes and think themselves amply repaid to possess a Command such as yours now is, provided there was hopes of having it continued—tis possible you may not have it in your Power to Continue a command of your present Rank in the Army—but this I am sure of, should you Refuse, even to seek for it, you will Act Very Unwisely— My Dear Fellow perhaps I have already said too much on this subject. If so you will excuse those Effusions of Zeal for your advancement and prosperity; I know even Here that

your Rank is envied, and it has been industriously propagated in some parts of Pennsylvania as Well as Hagers Town, that you had been Obligated to Return, as having to Contend with Officers whose former commissions were prior to yours; this is nothing more than what we must expect as so many little Rough passages which make the Smooth ones the More agreeable,— you see I cannot help Philosophising a little and the more so, because I was Vexed with the Report, because it appeared spread with some Industry and Malice.— Mama, whom you have such apprehensions for, is agreeably situated, she has still the Greatest part of her Children about her, and you may be assured she shall not want for even the Common Luxuries and Conveniences of Life, Much less for the Necessaries— I have it amply in my power to make her easy, as to the Common Necessaries, and I am Determined to do so—I shall, by first Oppty, write to Brothers Daniel and Solomon at Norfolk, and let them Know that you are well. Shall I tell them that you wish to leave the Army? No— I will not disturb their peace, tranquillity, and pleasures, with such news.— as I have preached a Considerably Lengthy sermon tis proper I should End in Prayer— I pray then that your Heart may be Changed as also your Inclination, that you may Keep one thing in View, that is that you yourself pray (for fervent and Repeated prayers have powerfull Effects) to be Continued In the Army exactly in the same Rank and on the same footing that you are at this present Moment (the moment you wrote me last from the Bank of the Great Miami on the Day or Night of September the 18th 1791— and I pray that the whole army may be

blessed with Health & success in their present undertakings and am Dr Brother yours &c,

“Henry Bedinger.”

This letter is addressed to

Major George M. Bedinger

Commandant Virginia Battalion Levies

Western Army.

It has been carefully preserved for more than a hundred years. It shows the good and wise elder-brotherliness of Major Henry Bedinger, as well as his ambition for the success of one so dear to him. Not the faintest tinge of apprehension of the fearful calamity then impending appears in this epistle. Yet in a few weeks one of the most awful catastrophes in our history engulfed the unfortunate men of St. Clair's expedition.

This is not the place to give a detailed account of the battle and massacre that ensued. We will only state that Michael had the good fortune to be absent from camp. He had been detailed by St. Clair to escort the sick to a place of safety. We have no account in his handwriting of his services during this campaign, except two scraps of paper, one of them giving the number of dead, wounded, and missing in his Battalion, also a report of the missing tents, axes, and kettles in each company under his command.

The other scrap is morning reports for five days of the number of men fit for duty in each company, with the number of sick, dead, deserted, discharged, confined, etc. From this scrap we see that desertions were alarmingly numerous. He reports fourteen deserted from one company, sixteen from another, and ten from a third. Only three from Captain Brock's

Company. The dates of these reports are from the 29th of August to the 2nd of September. On that day the number fit for duty were: In Captain Hannah's Company, 57 non-commissioned officers and men; in Captain Swearingen's, 82; in Captain Brock's, 78, and in Captain Darke's, 76.

After the defeat the entire community of Shepherd's Town was in mourning, as there were few families who had not lost friends and relatives. Two of Major Bedinger's captains were killed, Captains Van Swearingen and Darke. The latter was the second son of Colonel Darke, and was mortally wounded in the fight. The officers behaved with great heroism, and about one-third of Major Bedinger's Battalion was killed and wounded.

Major Bedinger himself, with the sick persons under his care, whom St. Clair had sent back to Fort Jefferson to be out of the way of danger, left the army on the 1st of November, and proceeded slowly, for the invalids were unable to make great exertions.

When they reached Fort Jefferson they found not a particle of food of any kind, and they were therefore obliged to proceed to Fort Washington, which was built where the city of Cincinnati now stands.

Indians were roaming about the country, and they were in great danger of an ambuscade. When they halted for the night Major Bedinger set a watch. The surgeon of the company, who was named Johnson, ridiculed this precaution, declaring that he "wasn't afraid of all the d---d cowardly Indian rascals in the country!"

"Neither is my horse afraid!" Michael answered, sarcastically.

Next morning the report of a gun was heard not a

great distance from camp, and soon a man came running in with the intelligence that a pack-horseman, with corn for Fort Jefferson, had just been shot and scalped.

Major Bedinger and Lieutenant Vance immediately went out to reconnoitre and ascertain the number of the Indian party, and found they could not have exceeded three warriors. While Dr. Johnson was anxiously making inquiries of the man who had brought the tidings, young Lewis, one of the party, and Lieutenant Vance stole off behind the encampment, fired off their guns, and gave the Indian war-whoop, on purpose to test his boasted courage.

Dr. Johnson immediately put spurs to his horse and came dashing by Major Bedinger, who called out, "What's the matter?"

"Indians! by G--, Indians!" replied Johnson, and never stopped until he reached Fort Washington, where he reported that his companions had been surrounded by Indians, and he feared they were all killed.

A couple of days afterwards Major Bedinger brought his little party into the Fort. Next day they were followed by the broken remains of the army.

Dr. Johnson soon afterwards discovered that he was not adapted for martial life, and resigned.

Michael remained with the army for some time after this, but he returned to Kentucky early in 1792. He seems to have been living at Limestone at this time. His brother Henry undertook, at his request, to go to Philadelphia and settle the accounts of the Battalion. Indeed he took two trips to the city for this purpose, putting himself to great inconvenience to serve his brother, for whom he was so ambitious.

Early in February, 1792, he writes to Michael: "The

President of the United States was Very particular in his inquiries whether you would not Accept a Command again, he also enquired as to Colonel Joseph Swearingen and Col. Rawlings, & was much displeased at Hearing that the Levies were not paid off, as he said there was money sent expressly for that purpose."

Again he writes later in the same month: "You intimate to me your desire of undertaking a busyness that I am Convinced will Receive no Countenance by the Executive of the U. S., for we have already much greater territory than we can possess and the knowledge of the Countries beyond the Mississippi can be of no advantage to the present Government. I advise therefore that you give up all Schemes of that Romantick Kind, for we are now engaged in an arduous War with the Savages, that inhabit wthhin our own Territory, and Congress would not thank any one for *Information* or *peace* with those who inhabit where they do not Claim. This may possibly be a Matter of some kind of enquiry 50 or 100 Years Hence, but not now, besides the President has it at Heart to Humble the Indians who are at war with us, & Should there be an Army you may be assured you will Receive an Honorable appointment, but I shall not now urge you to accept anything and am sorry I said so much in my former letter on that subject, I considered at that time, that you would enjoy Health, Sociability, Success, the Confidence of your Superior Officers,— in all of which I was Mistaken. This, I know was not your fault, but events that unhappily Occurred, through the Villiany of some, and turbulence and envy of Others,— but as you do not Complain yourself, I have no Right to urge you to it—

"I wrote you, If I recollect Right on the 6th Instant

informing you of the Illness of our Sister Sarah Swearingen and Mentioned as my opinion that she could not recover; I am Sorry to add that She Departed this life on the following Day, to the Great Grief of all the family, Relatives and acquaintance, and to the utter Ruin and Destruction of Mr. Benoni Swearingen's family affairs— Sister Sarah appeared in High Health on Friday and Died the Tuesday following; I never could discover the nature of her disorder, and those who attended her differed in opinion. She lay Sick not Quite four Days.— During Mr. B. Swearingen's stay at Annapolis as a Member of the Maryland Assembly, little Joseph the oldest boy was taken ill and after lingering something more than three weeks he expired and was Buryed before his father's Return this Stroke Sat Heavy on her but seemed a little to get over it, when she was taken herself & went off in the short time I mentioned above— the loss is severely felt by our Aged Mother— and Irreparable to Mr. Swearingen, he is advertising all his loose property for sale and offers to rent out the ferry, & is Himself somewhat Ill just now, Should he recover, I believe he intends to the Western Country the ensuing Spring or Summer—

“Sister Sally left a Very promising boy (named Henry) five months Old Sister Betsy has him, and I expect the care of his *education*, will fall to me as I am his ‘sponsor;’ strange as it may appear none of his father's family have ever taken proper or prudent steps to bring up children or educate them as their Estates would have admitted or Reason pointed out— but enough on so distressing and Disagreeable a Subject—

“Mr. Smith Slaughter has determined to set out tom-

morrow morning for Kentucky, to him I refer you for all the News in this Neighborhood. I Just now saw Captain Lewis from Hagers Town on his way to Col. Dark's by him I wrote to the Col. to know when he would set out for Philadelphia and expect an Answer Tomorrow— I shall of Course insist (if I can do it with propriety) upon settling the accounts of the whole Virginia Batalion— I have not heard from your Daughter Sally since you left us Untill Friday last, when to my Surprize I found Major Parker and his Lady (formerly Sally Opie) & her Brother & two sisters were here at a Ball. Mrs. Parker told me the last she had Heard of your Sally she was Very well, and a Very promising Child. Major Parker lives near Battle Town;— you Request me to send out your Negro Woman Sarah I will attempt it but this cannot be done instantly for the inclement weather will not permit the taking her Two youngest Children with her and without them I suppose she would not go. I will However endeavour to get them on as far as Wheeling by the first opportunity from whence Oppty's frequently offer to Limestone—and expect you will hear of her soon after her arrival,—

“If I can find whether Samuel Strode continues to live at Limestone in that case I will direct her to his care— I before mentioned the purchase of Certificates, would it not be possible for you to engross some? either Military or Militia Issued by this State or by the Continent they are in High Demand and can never be less Value and may still be higher but not much.

“I expect Va. Certificates will rise to 20 in the pound before long, and Militia little less— the funds and Credit of the United States are in such high repu-

tation in Europe, that the Monied men are eagerly thrusting their Money into it Knowing it to be on a permanent foundation and Receiving 6 per cent here, whereas the Highest Interest in Europe is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—this accounts for the High prices given for funded stock by the people on the East Side of the Atlantick.

“The Late unfortunate Campaign has thrown the whole Country into a ferment; all on this Side the Susqehanah damn St. Clair, and Call out for Gen. Morgan to Retrieve the lost Honors of the Country—farther North they differ, some are for St Clair especially about Philadelphia, farther North Gen. Lincoln carries the Voice, Just as their prejudices dictate. The People Generally North of the Susquehanar are so infamously Jealous of the Southern States, that Many of them would willingly injure themselves to injure us— The fixing the Federal City on the Patowmack is a dreadfull Eye sore to the Citys of Philadelphia and Baltimore. The More Eastern People are Coming into the Measure and are daily purchasing Lots with a View to settle there— Wm. Cox and Company from Boston, who Built the Bridge from Boston to Charles Town and that at London-derry in Ireland, has undertaken to build One Across the Patowmack at George Town, some distance above the Grand City.— The City is finished Laying off, it Contains, I am told, Near Seven Thousand Acres of Land, I mean with Lotts for Building upon, *Streets, Publick Squares, Gardens*, etc, etc. It is one of the Handsomest Situations in America for a Large City, is extremely well watered, Several large Creeks running through it, and so Situated that Water can and will be carried to every part of the Town. I have en-

closed you a Small and Very Imperfect plan, from which you will have some Idea of its Convenience to the inhabitants. Merchandizing in this Country is entirely Ruined, there is not a Cross Road, Smith Shop, or a Mill where are not Goods for Sale of some kind. I would Give anything almost to be out of that line, but alas I have Goods on hand which must be sold off and I am in no Publick line to make a living any other way. I beg you would never attempt so dangerous and perilous a calling as storekeeping; I have often mentioned to you the necessity of obtaining publick Offices of Trust, in order to get into those of Profit, and altho you was outpoled (polled?) last spring yet in case Nothing Else offers better, I would attempt it again, If I thought it would suit me were I in your situation— should an Army be raised I'm Certain a Commission will be sent you, this you know you are not Obliged to accept, but Consult your interest, your ambition & your private ease, and happy will you Deem your Situation when you have it in your Power to refuse what others are Aiming at with every Art and intrigue— you see I am Running into the Old Custom of dictating to You of whose situation and inclinations I am in some measure a Stranger, this I trust you will impute to my Anxiety for your prosperity and not to the pleasure usually felt in prescribing Rules and Conduct to others when we make a bad use of them ourselves. Sisters Betsy and Polly are enjoying their Usual Good Health, and their little families are Very well— Brother Jacob Continues here doing nothing, Daniel & Solomon are at Norfolk and do well— Mama is failing fast, she has determined to come to Town, If I can dissuade her from this attempt untill I can Build her a Genteel

Small House, I shall be satisfied, she is continually uneasy and fretting about every thing that Concerns any of her Children. I find it absolutely Necessary to pay more attention to her than I usually did, Sister Betsy and myself set up untill Twelve o'clock last Night at my House in Contriving Matters for Mama's future comfort and ease— * * * General Butler Complained much of Colonel Anderson's treatment of him, about a Tract of Land he had pointed out when I was with him last spring & seemed determined to look for some kind of Satisfaction, for he expected to meet with the Col, after he should quit the service and then he would be able, he thought, to have justice done— Alas Poor Fellow he was Mistaken, and his family will be little benefited by the General's intention.—

“I am not like to make any purchases in this County as yet of Lands, I failed both in Thomas Crowe's and Mr. Murray's Lands. Mr. Crowe sold his plantation to Mr. Joseph Nourse, and Mr. Murray says he must have the whole money (2075 pounds Va. currency) in 18 months, which I am unable to Raise— where to apply next I know not but am not Very Uneasy, for if a man has Money he may always have opptys in a year or Two to lay it out to advantage— Captain Shepherd is Very Keen to sell some or any of those Tracts that Captain Fleming secured for him— he owes me a large Sum (say 400 pounds) should be glad he could pay or If a good Bargain Could be had would take some of his Kentucky Lands, but shall act Cautious on this Head.— Mrs. Bedinger has 1000 Acres Land Lying somewhere Between Strode's Station & Limestone, this Land is said to be Good, perhaps Saml Strode might be able to fix a Tenant on it,

or If inhabitable you may do it, If any One will Risque themselves on it for a few years—

“* * * As to Benoni I am more than ever convinced his Illness is now already Confirmed Closely Bordering on a Consumption. * * *.”

In the summer of 1792 Major Bedinger visited his old home in Shepherdstown, possibly to recruit for the army. He had accepted the commission sent him by the Secretary of War, and in the fall of this year we find him at Pittsburg, where the troops were stationed. Here he engaged in the arduous task of drilling and disciplining the men of his Battalion.

While stationed at this place General Wayne would often exercise his men in sham battles. In conducting one of these, some officer came to the commander-in-chief and reported an Indian attack on a part of the camp, and desired further orders. Some ladies were present, and they, thinking that the aide-de-camp spoke of a real Indian surprise, became extremely alarmed, and it was some time before they could be brought to believe that they were in no immediate danger of the scalping knife.

It was in this memorable year that Major Bedinger became acquainted with a young girl of sixteen, who lived with her parents, at the Lower Blue Licks, in what was then Bourbon County, Kentucky. Her name was Henrietta Clay. Her father was Dr. Henry Clay from Mecklenburg County, Virginia. Major Bedinger fell in love with her, but her parents opposed the match, probably because of the twenty years difference in their ages. In February, 1793, he proposed to her to elope with him. Henrietta consented, and so, one dark night, Major Bedinger waited under her window with a good horse. Henrietta had

made herself a homespun wedding dress, and this she first made into a bundle and threw out of the window. Then she silently let herself down, and he swung her to the crupper in front of him. Thus they rode off in the darkness together, into the new life before them. Henrietta made him a most devoted and faithful wife, and survived him many years.

That same month he resigned from the army. His reasons for taking this step are given by one of his descendants, a Mr. Ranson, in an article he wrote for a newspaper on the subject of his ancestor. He says:

"After St. Clair's retirement, and the assumption of the chief command by General Wayne, the new commander desired to promote Major Bedinger to a high position in the army, which the Secretary of War desired to fill with a friend of his own. This resulted in a state of feeling which led General Wayne to declare that he would resign if Bedinger were not promoted. But he, unwilling to be the cause of such an unpropitious event, handed in his own resignation, withdrew from the army, and retired to private life, in 1793."

Major Bedinger could not bear to be the subject of strife, nor the object of envy. His great popularity with the troops, and the high esteem in which he was held by General Wayne, led some of the dissatisfied, who are always to be found in every army, to make unkind remarks about favoritism, and the unfairness of promoting him above the head of older men. He hated dissension, and preferred to retire rather than be the cause of ill-feeling.

It is said that, in the summer of 1793, he and his body servant constructed a log house for the reception of his bride.

CHAPTER XVII

EARLY DAYS IN KENTUCKY

THE life of the Kentucky pioneer in the last years of the eighteenth century was very much like that of the Virginian frontiersman of an earlier date, with the difference that Kentucky was farther from the outposts of civilization, and that all commodities that could not be manufactured at home were even harder to obtain.

When Michael and his servant built a log cabin for the reception of his bride it is probable that some of the neighbors assisted him in the task. The common practice of the day was, when a young couple was to be installed in a new home, for their friends and neighbors to gather for many miles around, to assist in log-rolling and erecting the cabin. The women employed themselves in cooking the provisions brought along, and it was an occasion of feasting and merriment, something like our modern barn-raising frolics.

A day or two would be spent in felling trees and cutting them into proper lengths. A team was always on hand to haul the logs to the spot selected for the new dwelling. Some one with more skill than the others would select a suitable tree for making clapboards for the roof. The tree for this purpose must be straight-grained, and from three to four feet in diameter. The boards were split four feet long, and as wide as the timber would allow.

The floor of the cabin, when not of earth, was of puncheons. These were made by splitting trees about eighteen inches in diameter, and hewing the faces with

a broad-ax. They were usually half the length of the floor they were destined to make.

When all was in readiness four men were elected as corner-men, whose business was to notch and place the logs, while their companions kept them supplied with material. These were, of course, chosen for their superior strength and ability, the same four being probably elected over and over again. By the time the cabin was a foot or two high, the business of laying the sleepers and floor began. The door and windows were made by cutting openings in the logs, and securing these openings by upright pieces of timber about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar opening was made at one end for the chimney. This was built of logs, and was large, so as to admit of a back and jambs of stone. At the square two end logs projected a foot or two beyond the wall to receive what were called the butting poles, against which the ends of the first row of clapboards were supported. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these logs the clapboards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs placed at proper distances upon them.

Usually the roof and floor were finished on the day that the "raising" began. On the next day the floor was levelled off; a door made of clapboards and some rude articles of furniture finished by the most able carpenters present, such as a table made of a split slab; some three-legged stools; some shelves; and a bedstead, made of a single fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in the floor, and the upper end fastened

to a joist, and having a pole in the fork with one end in a crack between the logs of the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs of the end of the house, the boards were put on which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork a little distance between these, for the purpose of supporting the foot and head of the bed. A few pegs around the walls served for the display of all the clothing the couple possessed, and there were always two buck's horns or small pegs for the rifle and shot-pouch.

In the meantime the masons, with the heart pieces of the timber from which the clap-boards were made, made billets for chunking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney. A large bed of mortar was prepared for daubing up these cracks; and a few stones formed the back and jambs of the fire-place.

The cabin was now finished, and the night was given over to the house warming. The friends and relations danced all night on the punchcon floor, the jug circulated freely, and all was merriment and good cheer. Next day the couple were installed in their new abode, and the visitors left with many good wishes for their prosperity.

I have adapted this description from Dr. Doddridge's account of the early settlers, a scarce book now, and long out of print. He was born in the backwoods, on the line between western Virginia and Pennsylvania. No doubt Michael Bedinger assisted at many such log-rollings. He, however, was soon able to build his wife a substantial stone house. His negro Sarah, with three children, was sent out to him. He

had several negro men, and no doubt soon set up housekeeping in a very comfortable style.

It is likely that he still went on hunting trips in the fall with a companion or two, for that was the universal custom on the frontiers at this time. The supply of meat for the winter season was usually procured in this manner. The wives and children were left in the settlements, or perhaps they would be sent to the nearest fort; while the hunters, usually two or more together, went out into the forest with their dogs and rifles, and prepared to encamp in some sheltered and hidden spot. They took with them their pack-horses laden with flour, Indian meal, and blankets, and everything necessary for their comfort.

The first day was usually occupied by making their hunting lodge, or shelter. The back part was sometimes the large trunk of a fallen giant of the forest. At a distance of ten feet from this two stakes were set in the ground a few inches apart, and ten feet from these two more were placed. These outlined the sides of the open cabin. The sides were now filled in with poles, the front was left open, and the camp fire built outside. The shelter was covered with slabs, resting on a few poles; or with skins, or blankets; the whole slope of the roof was from the front backwards. The cracks between the logs were filled with moss, and dry leaves served for a bed.

A little more pains, says Dr. Doddridge, would have made a hunting camp a defense against Indians. A cabin ten feet square, bullet-proof, and furnished with port holes, would have enabled two or three hunters to hold twenty Indians at bay for any length of time; but this precaution, I believe, was never attended to, hence the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps.

The dress of the borderers was almost invariably the hunting-frock of linsey or linen, or sometimes, of dressed deer hide. These frocks had wide sleeves, and were made loose enough to lap over a foot or more in front. They were often ornamented by fringe made of ravelled strips of homespun of a different color. They were belted in with sashes of the same material, which were tied in the back. In these belts the tomahawk was stuck on the right side, and the scalping knife, in its case, usually on the left. The shot pouch also hung by a strap from the belt.

The small-bored rifles, or flint-locks, were very long, so that, when the butt rested on the ground, they came up to the chin of a tall man. The bullets used were about forty-five to the pound.

The men wore jackets and shirts of homespun under their hunting frocks, and breeches of deer hide or stout linsey. On their feet they wore moccasins, which were made of dressed deer-hide. They were mostly made of a single piece, with a seam along the top of the foot, and another from the back of the heel, and flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs. These were neatly fitted to the ankles and lower part of the leg, so that no dust, or gravel could get inside. They were fastened by leather thongs, and lined with dry leaves or deer's hair in cold weather, very uncomfortable when wet, and indeed they were poorly adapted for muddy ways, owing to the spongy texture of the material of which they were made. Caps were fashioned of deerskin, or the fur of beaver and otter.

The women spun their own wool, and often wove it. They made their coarse clothing, which consisted of gowns and petticoats, of linen or linsey, and many of

them learned from the Indians the art of plaiting hats, as well as mats and baskets, out of grass and straw.

Traveling in Kentucky was, for many years, extremely perilous. The settlers who wished to go east to trade or for other purposes, went either with an armed escort, or waited until a sufficient number could be collected to make the expedition in safety. They rode good horses and often led pack horses, and the caravan would encamp along the trail every evening. They were obliged to take provisions for themselves and provender for their horses with them. When the country became more settled, and after the Indians had made peace, taverns sprung up all along the main traveled routes, at the distance of a day's journey from each other. Then, too, companies of wagoners, sometimes as many as thirty or forty together, would travel up and down the roads. These were the heavy Conestoga wagons, the body painted red, with the sides and trimmings blue, and having great canvass hoods that in later days gave them the name of prairie schooners. The horses, often six in number, were selected for strength and endurance, rather than speed, and their trappings were ornamented with red flannel rosettes, while each horse was furnished with a set of bells that made merry music as they jogged along day after day, enlivening the way with song and story; shouts and laughter.

Among the papers of Michael Bedinger I have found an account of a journey he undertook as late as the year 1812. For many years there were no journeys undertaken in Kentucky in wheel carriages, as the state of the roads rendered this mode of traveling impracticable. The Kentuckians thought nothing of undertaking trips of hundreds of miles on horse-

back. Frequently, in old letters, they speak of the manner in which a favorite horse "performed" on these journeys, and they learned to prize these valuable animals as much as did the Arabs of the desert.

"On Sunday, the 10th day of May, 1812," he writes, "we left home (apparently himself and one of his children) and got as far as Dr. Roberdie's (Roberdeau's) to dinner. From thence to Maysville. At Boon's my bill was \$2.87½.

"May 11th. From thence to Lockheart's, there my bill was \$1.18.

"From thence to Allen's, there my bill was \$1.50.

"From thence to the Licking Springs, my bill was 75 cents.

"12th. From thence to Plattoes, my bill was 25 cents.

"13th. From thence to Turner's, my bill was \$1.62.

"From thence to Chilicothe. From thence to Hickman's, my bill \$1.75.

"14th. Daniel was taken sick and we returned to Chilicothe, my bill was 87½ cts."

This is all of the account. Very probably he and Daniel, who was at that time fifteen years of age, were alone on the trip. On the other side of the paper is a long list of necessary articles needed at home. Among them are "Westcoat patterns, fine calfskin, combs, penknives, a crate of hardware, five dozen shallow plates, one dozen dishes, three large boles, half dozen fruit dishes, two dozen glass tumblers, one large thimball, handkerchiefs, silk and cotton, red and yellow flannel, two dozen buck handle knives and forks, two chests of tea, Buttons plain and fancy, files, gimlets, beads, and black lutestring," and many other articles.

Although traveling was such an arduous undertaking, our ancestors seem to have been always on the move. Michael, his wife and children, frequently "came in" to Virginia, on horseback. In these primitive days, Henry, Daniel, Jacob, and Henry's wife and daughters went out to Kentucky every now and then. Michael sent his children to visit Bedford and Protumna, his brothers' homes; and the affectionate relations between the families were always kept up, as the many marriages between cousins abundantly testify. B. F. Bedinger, a son of Michael, speaks in a letter written in 1865 of the last visit Daniel made to his brother Michael, in 1812, when the family hung on his words with delight, as he and Michael recounted their past experiences and adventures. "He was," said Dr. B. F. Bedinger, "joyous and witty, and the delight of every company. We were all wonderfully taken with him. I did not again see him until 1817. He was then suffering from some disease of the lungs, the same which terminated his life. He was still sprightly, but not so joyous as when in Kentucky. He evidently felt he would not recover his health, and was arranging his affairs for the benefit of his family and setting his house in order for eternity. Yet I enjoyed his company very much. He took great pleasure in the society of his children, interesting them in conversation suited to their various capacities. My father looked upon his brother Daniel as a model of all that was noble, generous, brave, and honorable among men. A man of true genius, with the highest order of intellect, admired and loved by his associates, who were all gentlemen of truth and probity, for my uncle held in contempt all that was false, sordid or dishonorable, and kept himself aloof from all such."

CHAPTER XVIII

LETTERS FROM HOME—LIFE IN KENTUCKY

WE must now return to the year 1793, such an eventful one in the life of Major Bedinger.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his letters declares that "The path of married life runs on, long, straight, and dusty, to the end." It is true that when a man has settled down to quiet wedded happiness with a family growing up around him, he expects no more thrilling adventures, and hairbreadth escapes. The imagination is soothed and calmed. The book of Romance, splendid in scarlet and gold, is closed forever; the drab-colored book of Reality lies open before him, to be perused to the very last page.

After the peace of Greenville, in the year 1795, there was not even an occasional Indian foray to give variety to life. But we must not go on too fast. Let us see, by an extract from one of the letters of his elder brother, Henry, what his family thought of his last adventure, his new exploration into the land of matrimony. Henry's letter is dated

"Shepherd's Town June 16th 1793

"Dear Brother

"Your letters of the 29th January, 12th March, and 20th April are before me, which Contain the General Information that you have quitted the Army; have taken to your Bosom Miss Henrietta Clay, & that you intend to make a living in future by the sweat of your brow, If no opportunity presents itself of doing it otherwise. This is a reflection worthy of every Good

man, but to Mistake the Busyness as many here have done, and quit all for the sake of *trade*—that Calling being naturally Precarious I must again insist that you Meddle not in that line, for If you Once found yourself embarrassed or entangled you would Readily sacrifice all you had made by it and much more to get Rid of the embarrassment— I find from long experience that nothing can possibly now be made here in trade, and were it not for my other Dependence and property I must long since have failed, If I had Depended on trade altogether. There are few people Calculated to make Money by it, and then it must be done by watching as the Sheriffs do, by taking advantage of the *Distressed* the *Ignorant*, and the *profligate*. The fair trader has not an equal Chance now-a-days; and the Honest Retailer can never make anything by it so as to make him satisfaction for the trouble & Risque he must undergo * * * I need not, I hope tell you, the disadvantage you would lie under in Commencing any trading busyness. You have already suffered enough to bring you to Reflect seriously on it. Your *Honest, open, Generous Disposition* will never do as a trader, every man who trades must expect to Cope with cheats, Liars, Rascals, &c, of every Denomination. The Greatest fortunes ever made in America (excluding inhabitants of sea-ports) have been by securing Lands early and Keeping them until they Naturally & by progressive Rises became great fortunes; but of all these things you are as good and perhaps a better Judge than myself—

“I must Confess I was not well pleased when I found you had determined to Resign your Command in the Army & I Retained your Letters for some time before I sent them off * * * As the President of

the U. S. had nothing to do with the Busyness I only wrote to the Secretary of War, to Gen'l Wayne, as you See pr the Copies.

"Our Honored Mother on the other Hand was much pleased at your determination, to leave the army & Retire to employments of Peace, and on being informed of your Marriage her pleasure appeared the greater. She said you would now probably Remain Close at Home and give over that Rambling disposition which had Caused you all your Misfortunes. It rests with you to Verify her predictions. I am in some measure of her opinion unless that unbounded desire in you of being in the Legislature or Congress may again break up your domestick ease and happiness. I do not Condemn this ambition & Rather Cherish a hope that you will act so as to Deserve well from your Country, in any situation, but I insist you must, before attempts of this nature are made, be well seated at Home, both as to Necessarys and Conveniences * * * and here let me tell you we had a Contested Election even for Members of Assembly in this County. I was drawn out Very Much against my Will or Interest, without soliciting any one, and Elected, but then it was owing to my having taken a Very Active part in favour of Mr. Robin Rutherford (for Congress) whose Election was a little doubtful until it Came to be tried, when he bore down all opposition, & had double the Number (or Nearly) of Votes within the District, of both his opponents put together."

In another part of the same letter he says:—"I would advise you as you Value the Peace, the Happiness of your Amiable Consort, to be Reconciled to Mr. Clay, and altho' you beg none, nor expect any

favours, yet tis quite Convenient you should be well with him and all his Connections— and this you must be, unless it Requires too great a sacrifice:— of that you must Judge— I hope and believe you will Conduct your Matters in future so as not to Run in Debt to any one in that Country— for above all men living you are the most unfit to be in debt. If you want anything send for it to me, and if I can spare it you shall have it, and surely you may expect more lenity from me than from any other. * * * Mama has Returned to her own house in the country. Jacob is preparing to build on the Corner, Daniel is well. Norfolk much hurt by the War, * * * My compliments to your Lady, Should be Happy to wish you both much Joy, personally * * * and now after writing thus long I am

“your Obdt Servt

“Henry Bedinger.”

His mother also sent him a note in which she says: “I wish to express my Satisfaction at Receiving your many Letters by Mr Stipp, Captain Kearney, etc, the Contents of which Informed me of your Marriage, and health, of which I am very glad, and expect, from the manner in which you wrote that you are Satisfied. The account of the rheumatic Pains having nearly left you has given me particular pleasure. I am very glad to here of your intending to live in Kentucky, which I think the best way provided you can live safe and easy * * * One thing I would recommend to you that is to be as Carefull as possible of Running into debt about *Building your House*, as that was the principal Cause of Mr. Spalding’s ruin * * * I Remain

“your Mother

“Magdelene Bedinger.”

On the back of this letter, the only one I have ever seen from Mrs. Bedinger, is written in Michael's hand, "Magdalene Bedinger, My dear Mother, June 1793." It was sent by the same hand as the voluminous one from Henry of nearly the same date.

The next letter from Henry says: "We are all happy to hear that you are making improvements on your own Land, we all wish this Could have happened years ago, and we hope that after the experience you have had of the [torn] of Mankind that you will guard against trafficking with any one, unless you see on long Meditation that it is impossible to err. I know your Industry, and with the aid of your negroes, when we can get them to you conveniently, I am certain you will make a comfortable living. We are much pleased with your Reconciliation with Mr. Clay, as such a Circumstance must render your spouse much [torn] than otherwise."

The brothers, Henry, Michael, and Daniel, were now all married. Henry was, after serving a couple of years in the Assembly, made Postmaster of Shepherdstown, and, in 1799, Clerk of Berkeley County. This office was, however, contested, and after eight years, the suit was declared against him, very unjustly, he always thought. He, however, held the office until about 1807, and this was the cause of his leaving Shepherdstown and building himself a house in Berkeley County, near Martinsburg, which is the county seat.

Daniel married Miss Sarah Rutherford in 1791 and lived in Norfolk. And so the three brothers were separated, though they always kept up the old ties of affectionate intercourse, by letters and occasional visits.

Many children were born to Michael Bedinger and his wife. He might be called "the mill-builder" of the family, for he erected in the course of his life at least five large mills. For a long time he made salt at the Lower Blue Licks, but this commodity fell greatly in price, so that after a time it was unprofitable to make it in that place and manner. He was always rich in land, but ready money was scarce with him. He built several dwelling houses. The Lower Blue Licks was a place of resort in summer, for the medicinal waters of its springs. He built there a tavern and other houses, two large mills, a ferryhouse and other buildings. His own home was a large stone house that he built on his plantation some distance from the Licks. He still occasionally surveyed land for his friends, but not far away from his home. Sometimes he employed a Mr. Sullivant to attend to this business for his old friends in the east who wrote to him asking aid in locating their military grants. The following letter to him refers to one of the last of the Indian outrages which for so many years had ravaged the beautiful, fertile, but dark and bloody land of Kentucky.

"Washington Major County Ky. Ocbr 27 1794

"Dear Sir

"Three days 'ago I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 8th, and should certainly have had it in my power to have served you, and your acquaintances with regard to yr warrants immediately, if misfortune had not happened to me. On Sat. the 18th of this inst, myself, with a small part of my company, was fired upon by a party of Indians, at the mouth of Deer Creek a water of Scioto. I lost a worthy young

man, and was obliged to retreat, without executing my business tho I purpose to make another attempt as soon as possible, and sir, I flatter myself that it's in my power to serve you to as great an advantage as any other person whatever, and if my strictest attention and greatest Fidelity meet with yr Approbation you may depend on me and I will see you on the matter as soon as convenient. I am sir

"Yrs etc,

"Lucas Sullivant"

Jacob, one of Michael's younger brothers, a very handsome but not very enterprising young man, writes to him from Shepherdstown in 1795: "I am at this time extremely busy about the corner house, I intend to build me a small house on my farm, and live by hard Knocks. I intended for Kentucky, but was prevented by so much Business, that I now believe I never shall see that Country, I am not married nor any likelihood of being so, unless you can recommend some good hardy Kentuckian, in that case I will go there. I at present live at our Mother's. I think to go to housekeeping in the spring," etc, etc.

In 1795 Michael visited Virginia and saw his old mother for the last time, as she died in 1796, leaving her little property to be sold and divided equally between her children. She is buried in the old Episcopal grave-yard, near the grave of her husband.

George Michael's little daughter, Sarah Keene Bedinger, lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Keene, until the death of that lady in this year. Afterwards her father left her for some years near Shepherdstown under the kind care of her aunt, Elizabeth Bedinger Morgan, who was now a widow with five children of

her own, besides Benoni Swearingen's son Henry, to bring up. Benoni died in 1798 after a long and painful illness. He never recovered the shock of his wife's sudden death.

In a letter from Henry dated November 14th, 1796, he says: "I have Just Returned from Betsy Morgan's where I sat up last night with our Mother. She is Reduced beyond all Ideas of Description in Body, and we wait Hourly for the period of her Dissolution. She will without doubt, depart this life in a few days. Every attention is given her that is possible by us, which to her is of Some Small Comfort at so awful a period."

The first letter that has been preserved from Michael to his brother Henry is dated:

"Lower Blue Licks July 7th 1799

"Dear Brother

"I have nothing more strange to acquaint you than that our friend R. Morgan did not call to see any of our Family, tho he passed the house and am told continued at the Licks some time. I saw him on his way to Morgan's Station, requested him to call and see us the 4th which he agreed to do. I also saw Mr. Ralph Morgan and Andrew Swearingen, they also agreed to be here on the same day. I was in hopes then fully to have acquainted them of the sum I paid Nan by Ralph, and acquainted Ralph of my intention. But neither of the three attended or partook of a Barbicue I gave on that day. I shall be glad to hear from you and to know if any attempt will be made for the money alluded to, and which I have already paid. I am sorry that I have not wrote you and the rest of our family oftener than I have, Particularly as I find they do not

write to me; and can give no reason why they do not, unless it is from a mistaken notion that I wilfully neglect them, which is very foreign from me. I assure you that ever since I lived at this place have had fine moments to call my own, have Generly had a Family of from 40 to 70 persons, have carried on great works and have always been a little in debt, am a bad Writer, Speller or Inditer, from all those Coroborating Circumstances with a thousand disappointments which they all Must know, have happened, I could scarce have thought twould have been attempted to Retalliate, particularly when all those exertions and close applications were chiefly to Put it in my power to go and See you all. Go clear of debt, and in credit. However if not one of you were to write me a line for Seven years I think I should at convenient opportunities write to you all. I have no hope of seeing any of you this insuing fall, but am Confident shall be with you if life Permits the Next. I suppose you have heard that I rented half the Upper Blue Licks which is about twelve miles from this place I have rented it for 5 years but shall rent out as many kettles as will pay the rent, and Go on a Large Scale of Salt-making the ensuing year; am in great hopes Shall be considerable gainer by them.

"The Mills I have Built on Licking will I hope answer a valuable purpose they Grind the whole year except about 40 days when the water is too high I want a robing screne for the use of the Mill, a Superfine Cloath and a pare of Burr Millstones, all which if it is in your Power I would be glad you would Procure for me and Send by Some Safe hand but if the Stones cannot be got the Cloath and Screne would be of great use with me as my Cloaths are coarse and

I have no screne. If you can get the Stones &c, and will acquaint me when they will be delivered at Readstone old fort I will Send a keele boat for them, and Pay their Price to your order. I am very desirous of Making the Best of Flower, as in that Case my Mills will undoubtedly be the best in the State, having a constant Stream of Navigation from the doore and plenty of work.— Indeed I think if we can have peace with the French and Indians it will be almost impossible to Say what Such a Mill will be worth, Provided no other person undertakes another of the same Magnitude on the Same Stream, which untill I made the attempt was thought impracticable;— having wrote you a long letter and Intending this day to write to all our Brethren conclude with constant Invariable affection your Brother

“Geo. M. Bedinger

“My Family all join in love to you & yours the Small ones Henry & Daniel are continually asking when we are to go and what you will say, I keep up their hopes by amusing them with something Verry agreeable.

“G. M. B.”

CHAPTER XIX

FAMILY HAPPENINGS—MICHAEL BEDINGER IN CONGRESS

IN 1799 Daniel Bedinger retired from public life, and returned to Shepherdstown, where he built a beautiful country residence in the vicinity of that village. He was an ardent Jeffersonian Democrat, and had given up his position in the custom house in Norfolk mainly because he wanted to be quite free to express himself without restraint in the political campaign which resulted in the election of President Jefferson. We insert a letter from him written in 1800:

FROM DANIEL BEDINGER TO G. M. BEDINGER

"My House Near Shepherdstown June 23 1800

"My Dear Sir,

"It is now a long time since I have heard from you in any way whatever, & therefore think it high time to jog your memory. Time and distance have not yet had the power of abating in the smallest degree the attachment & regard which your friends & family ever have had for you & yours. * * * It is now pretty evident that the prospect of having a Republican President is much more bright than it ever yet has been since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The unanimous suffrage of New York in favor of our side will most effectually do the business, and we may now hope with confidence that the Presidential Chair will soon be filled by a man who will make it his aim to preserve the Constitution, the Liberties & the happiness of our Country—

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"With respect to our private friends I shall begin with H. B. He is well, but his troublesome and expensive law-suit is not yet ended. Mrs. Betsy Morgan, her son Daniel and daughters Olivia & Betsy are also doing very well. Jacob Morgan has lately returned from the West Indies & is now at Norfolk in good health.

"Abraham Morgan & Polly "*his wife*", together with their five sons & one daughter are also in a good way, and so is Brother J. B. tho he still remains a Bachelor & lives somewhat like a hermit.

"Our youngest Brother Solomon arrived here about 10 days ago, on a visit from Norfolk where he still lives, and where he still means to continue for sometime to come. He is well and means to stay with us 2 or 3 weeks.

"As to myself I am here fixed in a new brick house; not quite finished, my prospects are pretty good, & my family seems to be increasing. For the last 8 months past I have had the honor of having Major-General Charles Coatsworth Pinckney as a Tenant in one of my houses in town, and it is from him that I purchased a handsome Carriage for the use of my wife and Children. But as a pair of horses cannot readily be obtained here I should esteem it as a particular favor indeed if you would endeavor to procure me a pair and bring them in with you. My wife joins me in best wishes and compliments to you and Mrs. B. My little girls also wish to be mentioned to you both, and to your little boys and Sally. In short all friends hope to have the pleasure of seeing you both before frost, while I remain, as ever, your most Obedt Brother and Servt

"Daniel Bedinger"

In 1802 Henry writes from Martinsburg to Michael: "Brother Daniel is gone to Norfolk as Navy Agent for the United States. He intends to try it this Summer & If it agrees with his pocket and Health he will probably move down his family in the fall. In the mean time they remain at Bedford, his seat near Shepherd's Town. The Call on him by the Secretary of the Navy was Honorable to him, being unsolicited and unasked, he accepted with some reluctance as the pay or salary was a pr cent on the monies to be expended and that probably small * * * Your Daughter is well at Mrs. Morgan's, Continues to go to school."

Michael Bedinger, while in Congress, frequently visited his old home, and once or twice brought his wife with him. She was very popular with his family, so much so that Daniel named his youngest daughter, born in 1810, for her.

Michael had the same views on the subject of slavery that George Washington held, and like him, desired to free his slaves as soon as it could be done without casting them unprepared out into the world. While in Congress he got through a bill to prevent further transportation of slaves into the country, and was chairman of a Committee for the suppression of slavery. He served in Congress during the time of the famous Embargo, which he opposed with all his strength.

"A night session," says Miss Lucy Bittinger, in her account of him, "then a very unusual thing, was called to pass the act, the advocates of the measure thinking that its opponents could not attend. Major Bedinger, got wind of it, came and opened his speech by saying: 'What means this gathering in such unseemly haste,

under cover of darkness? Is it that you propose that which will not bear the light?' He went on to deliver a scathing speech. When he finished John Randolph of Roanoke rose and said, in his peculiar, squeaking voice, 'I am glad to see there is *one* honest man in this house!'

In the summer of 1808 Michael received a letter from an old friend, Colonel John Morrow of Shepherdstown, in which that gentleman said: "Your brother Daniel did not go to Florida as he intended, owing to the aspect of the times, and he is still in Norfolk. But Mr. Secretary Smith has taken it into his head to remove your brother Daniel from his office without giving him any notice and without informing him why or wherefore. This, as I believe, will be a very unpopular act in the Secretary, and it is comfortable that among all the excuses for this act that are made by the Secretary, there is nothing that goes to impeach your brother's honesty or integrity, and that being the case, and as he can live very well without it, the thing is easier to be borne."

Michael had, in all, ten children. The oldest was Sallie, the only child of his first wife. His sons he loyally named for his brothers, beginning with the eldest, Henry. His second was Daniel. His third he designed to name in compliment to his brother Jacob, but wrote to him that he did not like that name, as Jacob, the patriarch, was not, according to his ideas, a good man. Jacob replied by suggesting the name of George Washington, as both good and great. But Michael replied that Washington was not dead, and there was no knowing what he might yet do. To this Jacob answered suggesting the name Benjamin Franklin, "for," said he, "he is good; he is great; and he is

dead!" Accordingly the child, born in 1797, was christened Benjamin Franklin.

In 1798 Elizabeth, named for his eldest sister, was born. The next child was a boy, and as it was now the turn of his youngest brother, Solomon, the baby duly received that name. Olivia came next, named for his favorite niece, Olivia Morgan. Then came the fifth son, and as he had no more brothers to stand sponsor for his boys, he bestowed his own name upon this child.

After the names of all his brothers and his own were exhausted, there was another son born to him. He began with the names of his nephews, and this child was christened Joseph Morgan, after the oldest son of his sister, Mrs. Abel Morgan. As this was his last son, he had no need to continue down the line of his numerous relations of the second generation. Henrietta, his youngest child, was born October 30th, 1819.

As his children grew up he did his utmost to secure good educations for them, bringing them east to school in Pennsylvania. Some of the younger ones went to school in Cincinnati, and for one of his boys he obtained a cadetship at West Point.

And so the years rolled round with varying fortune. In 1818 his dearly loved brother Daniel died at his home near Shepherdstown. He writes to Henry, on the receipt of this intelligence: "It will be easier for you to conceive than for me to write my feelings at the loss of a brother so dear, so affectionate, so generous in kindness to *me* in time of need. I am verry sorry I did not hear of his low estate of health sooner. How soon it may be my lot to follow him is uncertain, but it cannot reasonably be long, and I hope I shall think and act accordingly."

Lying before me as I write these lines is the last letter Michael received from this brother, so greatly loved. It is hard even after the lapse of so many years to look over its pages, brown with age, without painful feelings of the vanity of earthly life. On the back of the letter is traced, in a trembling hand, these words, "Referring to the times of certain occurrences on Staten Island, near New York"

And again: "Oh My Dear brother, Daniel, He had a Great Minde, who can describe it!!! his brother *feels* more than he can *express*."

And in still another place Michael has written: "From My Dear departed Brother D'l Bedinger, May the God of the universe bless him to all eternity. G. M. B."

In 1816 Michael sent his son, B. F. Bedinger, to study medicine in Philadelphia. And so time went on, and the younger generation grew up and married. His daughter Olivia married her cousin, Henry Clay, and lived only a year. His eldest daughter, Sarah, married Mr. John Bedford, and died in 1822, leaving six children. A few extracts from his letters will tell of these domestic happenings better than any words of mine.

In May, 1812, he writes to his brother Henry: "Our daughter, you will have heard, was married early in December. * * * Sallie is an affectionate child. Feb. 8th. 1813. I am in the greatest haste as I have just returned from Slate where Major Andrew Swearengen lives, to serve him with a notice that I will, on the second Monday in May, at your house in Berkeley take the depositions of such persons as remember my transactions with his father. Should any other persons be necessary to take depositions, say

Brothers Jacob and Daniel, or Col Swëarengen, you will please act for me. * * * I can scarcely recollect what I have written. I never get Drunk, or you would think me so. * * *

"May 17th 1817. We live in the old house near the Mill where we lived when you once came to see us. Our son B. F. came home safe, and is still with us. * * * I expect he will try to get in with some country physician who will give him a small part of his profits. My son Daniel will take my grist mill. Henry takes the saw-mill as soon as she can be rebuilt, as she was old and overset by a high freshet this spring. I have a tedious law-suit to attend to. I have got so old and frail that I dread this suit. I have often offered to arbitrate, but the person who is opposed to me has bought Walker's claim. Thomas Swearingen, Benoni, and myself had improvements near each other. Thomas was the locator. * * * I have no doubt Colonel S wishes to do me justice. It is now about 33 or 34 years since I exposed myself to the greatest privations I ever heard of a free man enduring, voluntarily, have since regularly paid taxes for my proportion of said land surveyed for him, and have never received one cent. * * * I think the surveys made for Colonel Swearingen amount to 4000 acres. In dangerous times the chainman walked fast, and even in the act of staking moved on so that with long sticks they always took in more land than the survey called for, I am to have an eighth of the land. I am willing to have an eighth of what it is worth, or to have a division made immediately. I hope you and Col Shepherd both recollect my having said obligation, you both signed it, as well as Joseph Swearingen, & General Finley. I wish you therefore to see Col

Swearingen. When he is fully apprised of my necessities he will do me the Justice to afford me all the relief which a compliance with his contract in Justice and honour imperiously dictate.

"Nov 7th 1822. I have again got into the stone house I Built at the Licks, not because I wish to live here but because I cannot rent it to any good man that will agree to give me a reasonable rent for it. The late death of my son Henry's wife, and the death of my daughter Sallie, has increased my family a little, as I have Henry's daughter, Lavinia, and Sally's son, George Michael Bedford, with me.

"October 16th 1823. The young ladies, your daughter Elizabeth, Ann Shepherd, and my Daughter Elizabeth all went to Bourbon county to visit our relations and friends, the Clays, Duncans, Bedfords, etc. * * * I am a little confused, therefore stop, my fingers are stiff, blood cold, my affections warm as ever. I conclude affectionately yours. G. M. B.

"Hope Farm September 7th, 1824. Our friend and nephew Daniel Bedinger handed me your letter of first of June. * * * I have paid about nine of the twelve thousand I owed. * * * I hope I have now got over the most gloomy part of my letter, but in fact I do not know whether I can give it a bright side. In truth I can say my two departed daughters were worthy, industrious, moral characters, and all my children who are of mature age promise fair to make good citizens. Indeed if it was in my power to alter their minds and dispositions at a wish I think I should not be able to do it for the better. Henry, Daniel, Franklin, Elizabeth and Solomon are all that are above 21 years old. They are all affectionate and worthy children, and I hope that the three younger

ones will turn out as well. * * * Your observations in yr letter of the many deaths and almost total extinction of our once numerous companions and affectionate associates of our youthful days convince me our feelings are similar, and more sincerely felt than I am able to describe. Well, we are left here a little longer than they! and I hope we shall endeavor to be reconciled to our fate when we must follow. I think that of Hugh Stephenson's large company of riflemen of 1775 there remains now only 2 or 3 besides *you and I alive* & they are dispersed. I think it will be 50 years next spring since we first turned out as soldiers, it is quite probable I will then go with you to the place we met half a century back— I mean to Stinson's spring.

"I must refer you to our worthy nephew Daniel Bedinger for the news of the place as he intends to leave us tomorrow morning. I am much pleased with the Dear Son of my Dear Brother, I went with him to his land on the Ohio near the mouth of Cumberland. I think we made a trip of about 700 miles in 27 days."

CHAPTER XX

THE MEETING AT "STINSON'S SPRING"

IT was now fifty years since the party of eager young men had met at the spring on the old Bedinger place, and pledged themselves to meet again when a half century had rolled away. And where was that gallant little company? Alas, the fate of many, of at least two-thirds, was a dreadful death, not on the field of glory, but in the terrible prisons of New York where their treatment was so harsh that it seems as if human brutality could go no further. Some, it is true, escaped; and others survived, often in enfeebled health, to be exchanged, and once more to breathe free air.

In 1825 one or two, besides Henry and Michael Bedinger, were still alive, but they were old and feeble. And so it happened that, on the day appointed, the tenth of June, 1825, two old brothers rode in to the rendezvous at "Stinson's Spring;" one, all the way from Bourbon County, Kentucky; and the other from his home near Martinsburg. The two old brothers met, and clasped each other's hands, and looked into each other's eyes, for the last time.

Of this affecting meeting a newspaper of the day, the *Harper's Ferry Free Press*, gave a full and very graphic account. This I will copy here as the best description written by an eye witness of the scene.

It will be noted that the spring where the meeting took place is said to belong to Daniel Morgan. This was a son of Elizabeth Bedinger Morgan. His home, including the famous spring,* was bought long after

*This spring must not be confounded with Morgan's Spring, now the property of Dr. Crawford.

his death, in 1859, by the widow of Henry Bedinger, one of the sons of Michael's dearly loved brother, Daniel. The writer of this little book now lives in the old house partly built by Daniel Morgan, and often visits the famous old spring. A tablet should be placed at the spot to commemorate the patriotic meetings there, and perhaps this may yet be done.

FROM THE HARPER'S FERRY FREE PRESS OF JUNE, 1825.

A party of ladies and gentlemen repaired on Friday, the tenth of June, to a spring (Mr. D. Morgan's, near Shepherdstown) for the purpose of celebrating the day, pursuant to an arrangement made 50 years before. The circumstances which gave rise to this truly interesting celebration have been related to us as follows, by a gentleman who was present.

In the spring of 1775 General Washington selected Hugh Stephenson and Daniel Morgan, afterwards Colonel Hugh Stephenson and General Morgan, to command two companies of men, the quota Virginia had been required to furnish.

Altho' at the time Boston was invested with a large military force, and the prospects of Americans were enveloped in impenetrable gloom, yet so great was the love of liberty which animated our forefathers, that two volunteer companies were instantly raised, one at Shepherdstown, and the other at Winchester. They turned out for twelve months, furnished their own rifles and equipment, and marched to Boston in twenty-one days.

A barbecue was given by Colonel William Morgan, to Stephenson's company, on the 10th day of June, 1775, the period of its organization, at the spring above mentioned, which has ever since been known by the name of Stephenson's spring.

Then it was that a prophetic and truly patriotic song was sung (of which we hope to obtain a copy) and an agreement made by these heroes of the olden time, that the survivors of the perils they were then about to encounter and of the ravages of time, should "meet at that spring and on that day fifty years to come," which agreement has thus been redeemed.

Out of the ninety-seven* gallant spirits who composed the company, five only are living, and of the latter number but two were present, namely, Major Henry Bedinger, of Berkeley County, Virginia, and Major M. Bedinger, of Kentucky. The other three are Judge Robert White of Winchester, and General Samuel Finley and William Hulse, Esq., of Ohio, all of whom it is understood would have attended had they not been prevented by old age and infirmity. A few of those who fought in '76, and one who survived the slaughter at St. Clair's defeat, were among the number present at this celebration.

Soon after the company had partaken of an elegant dinner given by Mr. Daniel Morgan, Captain Harper, with a detachment of artillery, was seen at a distance advancing with colours flying and music playing to pay suitable honors to the occasion. The sound of the music, and the appearance of the martial column, being unexpected, must have struck the minds of this remnant of Revolutionary veterans with alternately joyful and gloomy reminiscences of "times long past!" The thrill of joy at the recollection of the "well fought field;" and the gloom of melancholy at the remembrance of the immense sacrifice of valuable lives, which the gain of freedom cost our now happy country.

*A mistake. There were one hundred men.

The salutes were then gone through, and the very interesting ceremony of presenting one of Stephenson's Company (Major Michael Bedinger) to the sons and grandsons of his compeers in arms; he passing through the ranks and shaking each cordially by the hand.

Whilst this was performing and the eyes and attention of the spectators were intently fixed upon the touching scene, guns were fired, at a signal previously agreed upon, by a detachment of artillery stationed on an eminence for that purpose.

Afterwards a number of national airs were played in the first style by the band, and two patriotic songs were sung by Major Michael Bedinger (69 years of age) he being earnestly solicited,—the very same that had been sung at that spot fifty years before.

Several toasts were drunk and Auld Lang Syne was played by the martial band, which had a very solemn and grand effect.

The train of reflections produced by the veterans, their anecdotes, collected from real life in the course of three generations, "all of which they saw, and part of which they were," may be more easily imagined than described. Indeed the gifted pen of the author of "The Spy" would not be disgraced by the subject.

They recalled to the mind the American Colonies when they presented little more than a vast, uncultivated wilderness, the population declared to be in a state of rebellion; advancing, they met the gibbet; retreating, death or slavery; turning to the right they encountered bayonets; to the left, scalping knives; without money, without friends, and almost without hope!

But now America's sails whiten every ocean, and her sons visit every clime. In literature and arts, too,

she ranks among the most distinguished nations of the earth. * * * What would be the astonishment of one of the martyrs of liberty who met a watery grave from the deck of a British prison-ship, were he to be suddenly translated from the other world to this, with the remembrance of all the sufferings and dangers he encountered still fresh on his mind?

Major Michael Bedinger, distinguished as a partisan officer, was always among the first to volunteer, and ever amidst the foremost in the hour of danger. He was in the battles of Germantown, Piscatawa, etc., & was at the taking of Cornwallis. He also rendered essential service against the Indians, and was selected by General St. Clair to conciliate the feelings, and procure the aid of the friendly Indians.

Major Henry Bedinger was one of the two thousand, eight hundred and eighty-three, the flower of American youth, who were surrendered with Fort Washington. Out of that number about 1900 died in the short space of two months, from ill treatment. Major Bedinger, then a Lieutenant, being wounded at the time, was incarcerated on board one of the "floating hells," the greater part of the four years he was a prisoner.* He afterwards served to the close of the Revolution, and had many hairbreadth escapes.

*Another mistake. He was only 18 days on a prison-ship.

CHAPTER XXI

OLD AGE AND RETIREMENT

WHEN Michael Bedinger returned home after this memorable meeting at the old spring, he wrote to his brother telling him of his safe arrival. He said in a letter dated Nicholas County, September 5th, 1825: "My worthy friend, Mr. Henry Clay, will hand you this. I calculate on his calling on you as soon as he gets to Berkeley. He is my nephew and was my son-in-law, I love and respect him, he is truly a worthy, affectionate, honorable man, all our family love and esteem him, and have pressed him to call on you and the rest of our friends in Berkeley and Jefferson Counties. * * * I got home on the fourth Monday in June * * * I stood my journey back to Kentucky very well, tho' I am becoming *weak and clumsy*, * * * The bearer is the son of Col. Henry Clay of Bourbon County. Your politeness to him will be gratefully felt by our family as well as by G. M. Bedinger"

Between this and the next letter there is a gap of five years. It is dated May 25th, 1830. "I think all my children that are well are doing well, altho' they are now considerably scattered, viz, Henry at Salt Lick, Lewis County, about 45 or 50 miles from us. He has 3 children, one of which, (the oldest) is at Cincinnati. Daniel lives in Bourbon County, about 30 miles from us. He has two living children. Had one more that died. Franklin lives in Campbell County, near Cincinnati, He has two children. Betsy and her only child live with us. She has now only

one negro left, as she sold her woman and child to my son George and had one that died. George lives at the Mill farm. He has one child, a son. Joseph and Henrietta, as well as Betsy live with us. * * * I have not yet mentioned my departed daughter Sallie's six children. She left four sons and two daughters. The children are all living. One of them, the oldest daughter has lately written to us that if I would send for her that she would come and stay a few months with us. This I expect will be done. * * * I hope while we are striving to do all the good we can agreeably to the best of our understanding our Good and merciful Father will pardon our weakness and ignorance. * * * Old as I am I intend to pay you a visit in the ensuing fall if life and health permit.

"Jan 16th 1833. I have not been able to attend to procuring testimony towards procuring a pension. I went to Madison County in October, saw an old acquaintance of the name of Jesse Hodges who was with me at Boonsburg in the spring, summer, and fall of 1779. He went with me in Bowman's Campaign, I concluded to return in a short time to take his deposition but have not as yet attended to it owing to other pressing business. I also went to see a General Mark Calmes of Woodford County, expecting that he was with me at the siege of York. I was mistaken, it was his brother Wm that was a Captain at the siege. The General was with me when the Indians fired on me on Sandy after the revolutionary war. I next went to see a man of the name of Daniel Bell, (a Brother to a Wm Bell, he formerly lived about Shepherdstown) D. Bell has agreed to attend at our County Court on Monday the 28. He can prove that I was a Captain at the siege of York. I will try to take Hodges' deposi-

tion as soon as I can. I cannot now recollect the time I served but will try to procure from history the dates of some battles, etc, I hope to be able to state nearly the dates and times of most of my services. * * *

"April 5th. 1833. Our daughter Henrietta and our son Joseph are in Cincinnati. Joseph is in a store of one of the Wades. Wade is brother-in-law of B. F. Bedinger. Henrietta is going to school, boards at old Mr Wade's. Henrietta was thirteen years old last October, * * * So that at this time my wife is very unhappy, having but one of her children with her and that a daughter. We do not complain of Joseph for going to Cincinnati, indeed we were pleased that he went there as the Blue Licks is a place where Gamblers Generally attend and live altogether. I hope Joseph will never be a gambler, indeed he is an affectionate dutiful childe, tho like all the rest he is fond of young company, & I am pleased to find him among those accustomed to Industrious Habits. My Dear Brother you see I have turned to the third page, & I fear it will be difficult for you to read as I write bad and Spel worse, but this cannot now (conveniently) be helped, as I am too old now to take the trouble of looking in the dictionary to correct my letter which I certainly would do if I was a younger man and not writing to a Brother. My lost sight has in part returned but I dont see quite as well without spectacles as with them. I broke mine yesterday. * * * I have had a letter from our niece, Sallie Bedinger Hamilton. She is certainly a very good and accomplished woman. Two of her sons are living at Nashville, she says her brother Abel Morgan is declining fast with the consumption. Her sons Oscar and Mortimer continue with Dr Wells.

"September 15th. Our dear son George M. Bedinger died last Thursday was a week at his home in Boone County near the Big Bone Licks. He had been sick of cholera. When he was dying he said 'Tell that best of men, that dear Brother Franklin to take my child and care for him. Tell his grandmothers both they must not think hard of me for not leaving my child to them, but I think my Brother is more capable of raising him.' * * *"

Henrietta, the youngest child, died about the same time, and possibly of the same fatal disease.

This same year Jacob Bedinger, of Shepherdstown, died, leaving his small property to be divided, one-half going to his brother George Michael; the other half to the children of his brother Daniel. Major Bedinger had now lost five of his children, for Solomon died about the year 1823. Solomon was a great favorite with his cousins in Virginia. He and Daniel Bedinger, Jr., of Virginia, were sincerely attached, and he had spent some time at Protumna and Bedford. He seems to have been a most amiable and promising young man. Sallie, Olivia, George M. and Henrietta had also passed away, and George Michael Bedinger and his wife were now fast going down the hill of old age and infirmity together. In November, 1833, Major Bedinger writes to his brother Henry: "I shall preserve this letter from my dear Brother Jacob as it is the last, & it is very affecting. O my Dear Brother is now no more with us in this world!! You are now the only one of all our Dear parents Dear family that I can call Brother, we have no sister, & we ourselves shall soon have to follow all our Dear departed Friends. * * * I have written to Daniel Morgan to purchase the three little Negroes if they

can be had at a generous price, as the three of them are a sister and two brothers and as it is probable that the fourth would not like to be parted from them, I should be glad to have it in my power to keep them together as long as I live, & to make such provision for their future comfort and contentment as should be in my power, consistent with the nature of their situation and the indulgence they can bear. I should wish that the girl, who according to the law would be a slave for life, should be made free as soon as the other three, as soon as they could consistent with the safety of the Country, and the goodness of their own conduct would justify. The girl I would rather give \$20 more than she is worth for, than that she should be parted from the others. * * * As to my own part I can conscientiously say that I never courted my dear Brother Jacob's affections for the sake of his property, & I am confident not one of my family did, but you may yourself recollect that when I went to the Western country my dear Brother J had the care of my property on Sidling Hill, & that he sold it to Koster, that he had employed Major Clark to collect or sue for him, that he got little or nothing from Rafter, but the little he got, say a horse or two, he would willingly have paid me for had I wished him to do so, but I never wished him to pay me a cent on that score as I would not take it. My dear Jacob afterwards put fifty up in my saddle-bags at a time I was scarce of money and from home, when I told him I think \$15 would be quite sufficient to take me home. At another time he lent my son Solomon \$100, all which he refused to charge me with, but when I was last with him I insisted he should add all the money which I and Solomon had of him, & add the interest

on both, which he reluctantly did, and I gave him the obligation which was lodged with you, for the whole, without even as I can recollect charging him a cent for the horses he got of Koster.

"As to the children of our dear departed sister Polly Morgan I hope they are now all doing tolerably well, & altho I have been hard pressed with land suits I have always felt great anxiety for their permanent health, comfort, and happiness. I lent our Dear nephew Abel Morgan 20 years since \$200, I afterwards let him have land warrants to a considerable extent. I had his note for upwards of \$500, but when my son B. F. went to see him and wrote me that he was reduced to be the "poorest of the poor," I sent him his note and was glad to ease his mind as far as I could by giving it to him. He was a good, worthy man, but he had been security for his father-in-law, General Caldwell; his wife was extravagant and family large. He has left us, & I hope has gone to a better world. His memory is ever dear to me, and I hope to all who knew him well. * * * *Forgive, forgive*, this jumble of scralls!

"March 4th 1834. I should be very Glad to hear that you could take time to comply with the request of our niece Susan Ellsworth, once Susan Bedinger, relative to the life & adventures of her Father (Daniel). * * * You mention also the conduct of the ladies (the Miss C—s) having embezzled the cloaths of our Brother, & the excuse they had for it. * * * In relation to Abel Morgan of Logan, I was advised to follow my own sympathizing feelings by my son, B. F. B, who felt for his Cozen A. M. as much as I did. I hope you will never think I wish to boast of tender feelings for my relations more than as you

know my reason on the subject was that as I never wished to court the affections of my Dear departed Brother for the sake of his property, but on the contrary had ever discovered a willing disposition to lend a helping hand to others of my relations who stood in need, and that in return I could not think any of them would take any advantage of me, if it should be in their power. * * * I have received consolations in your letters, and altho I have had and continue to have many serious difficulties to encounter I have as you said consolations such as in all my distresses have never rendered me disconsolate. * * *

In one of Henry Bedinger's letters he speaks of the three little negroes left to Michael by Jacob. Sarah, Henry's unmarried daughter, offered to buy these little negroes from her Uncle Michael. His reply gives his views on the subject of slavery, and is as follows:

"May 10th 1835. In yr last you mention three little blacks which are still with you, & that yr daughter Sarah had a wish to purchase them. On this subject I can assure you that my son B. F. B. advised me not to enlarge my family with any more negroes than I now have, & in this his mother joined him, as to any others of the children I have not consulted them. My mind has long since, you know, been made up on the score of slavery, I think I shall never purchase one if I should even live some years longer, but as my Dear Departed Brother, who was so well acquainted with my sentiments, and with whom I have had severe and long arguments on the subject of slavery, as I have always taken the merciful side (as I thought) in favor of freedom, & had freed some I held, I have never been able to conclude to leave that to be done by others that my dear Brother has intrusted to me, and

old as I am I have the fullest confidence that my will would be punctually attended to, by the Majority of my children, & in that will I have made my four sons my Executors. I have limited none of those that were even born since I owned their mothers to an age of slavery more than until they become the age of thirty years. I do not intend to sell any negroes I own unless it should be for some heinous crime, heinous so that my own conscience, the laws of my country, and above all what I hope my God would not condemn me for. Slavery to me is an unhappy thing. I have no great cares or trouble about other concerns, but if I once own them responsibility seems to fasten on me. I have at this time but one male slave here. He is a boy between 15 & 16. He is often guilty of some faults, & often has my wife wished me to part with him. He is the grandson of old Sarah who I Set free. I also have a sister of his, that I expect I shall have to part with, as her principles, if she has any, are of the worst kind. I can get \$500 for her, but I do not think as yet that she has forfeited all right to mercy or forgiveness from a frail mortal. * * *

"Jan. 29th 1836. There is not any person living that I know of that belonged to my company at the siege of York. But I think there are two men living in Mason County who knew me there. They heard me called Captain and that I trained them and acted as Adjutant. The men are Daniel Bell and — Peck. * * * I am sorry to hear our friend, Col Ed. Lucas declines offering again (for Congress) Altho' I do not call myself a Van Buren man I hope I *love* all good men, & I *love* all who honestly mean to do good to this country, on either side of the present divided state of our political *parties*. I need not have told you

this, as I think you always knew it. * * * I have in vain tried to recollect how I was paid for my services as Captain or Adjutant, but cannot recollect, but since you have mentioned the land warrants that I had assigned at your request 1000 acres to Captain Abram Shepherd, has put me in mind of 5000 acres more that I also had & which I sold to Captain Shepherd, which I think he agreed to pay me for, the price, I think, was upwards of 30 pounds. The greatest part of which I think a Captain Ross who had a store, mill or some concern in the corner opposite to where old Mr. Jeremiah Lungins, then afterwards Mr. William Brown had one (in Shepherdstown)—These things are almost like a dream to me, but I know Captain Shepherd did not pay me for the whole of the warrants, but as I did not attend to settle with him in time I did not after his death call on his heirs with my claim.

“I think I can still find his obligation to me among my old papers. This may not be the case as many of my old papers have been lost, and many eaten up by the rats * * *. If I can find the paper alluded to I shall send it. I am confident I saw it a few years ago.

“January 6th 1836. I must here *Greatfully* acknowledge the many obligations I am under to you for the many favours you have done for me from *time to time*, and particularly on the subject of so repeatedly putting me in mind that I ought not to neglect making the necessary and legal appeal for a *pension*, *small* as the amount may be when compared to the many dangers and deprivations I have had to contend with in the service of our country. * * * I know of no error in yr deposition except that I was not at the surrender of Gen. Cornwallace. The time

of the Militia Co had expired, a few days before, we were not asked to stay longer, many were sick, & the army did not stand in need of them, & they were honorably discharged.

"March 28th. 1836. I do not recollect having a regular commission in my possession while in the regular volunteer service. The periods I served as an officer were short, & commissions may or may not have been made out for me. I acted in obedience to orders from my superiors. * * * I suppose you still recollect the time when I had the nervous fever about 47 years since so that few thought I should ever recover, I was confined 6 or 7 months. That spell injured my recollection greatly. * * * I do not think I ever received a Captain's commission in Jefferson altho' I know I was particularly called on to command a company of militia by Col Wm Darke, & there may have been documents among his papers to shew that I was both commissioned captain of a company and Adjutant of the Regiment.

"The company that I commanded was chiefly composed of Darke's old company of militia, previous to the gloomy prospects of the spring of 1781. But after I had passed the desolate country near Camden in the fall (of 1780) I had gone to the High Hills of Santee (and returned) with a load of indigo from General Rutledge and took it to Philadelphia in the winter and in the spring went again (with supplies for the army) as far south as where our dear Departed brother Daniel was stationed in the Va. line (he was with General Morgan) I cannot now recollect the name of the place.

"I cannot now recollect the time I went on a certain call of our country with our friend George Morgan,

was out but a short time, & was not then wanted. It may have been immediately after our return that General Darke called on me to take command of the company. Some time before we marched I know he urged me to go with him at a time when the British army were overrunning Virginia, & the southern States, a time when but few of the Militia Captains, who had not had any experience in camp were willing to take their first lessons of Military Tactics, & war in camp,—when prospects were as gloomy as they then were, and the men were generally anxious to be commanded by those who had some knowledge of their duty and conduct as a soldier. Knowing this and that Captain McIntire did not wish to go to camp, I accepted the command at the request of Col. Darke, my old well-tried friend.

“April 4th. I have just received yours of the 28th. My dear Brother I thank you and feel as grateful to you as if I had got a pension for all my hard and dangerous services, but rather than receive a trifle I will take nothing. I hope to write to you next week. I have a contented mind and do not care much about property now.

“April 22nd. If I had thought of it when Olivia Morgan was here I could have sent you a book written by John McClung called Sketches of Western Life, and a line or two out of Marshall’s History of Kentucky as both of those histories do make some mention of my services. * * * Marshall’s book was written about 45 years after Bowman’s Campaign, correct in some things, not so in some others. He says: “There was no want of ardour in either officers or soldiers. Benjamin Logan, John Holder, James Harrod were Captains, G. M. Bedinger, who had been

in the war eastward, was chosen Adjutant, and many of the bravest men in the country were privates, of whom there were near 200.' In McClung, page 132, he states, 'By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod and the present Major Bedinger of the Blue Licks some degree of order was restored.' * * * You know I never wished to hold a commission in the Militia except when in actual service. There were but few of the officers or soldiers that were out in the commencement of the war that wished to hold office in the militia at home. When I was a Lieutenant under Captain Wm. Morgan I was elected by the men & it is probable that Robert Lucas the late Governor of Ohio has recollection of that, as his father was Lieutenant in the same company & his uncle Ed also. * * * but as your recollection is much better than mine I need not mention these things to you. I having been trained in the army, & had taken pains to train and help train the men * * * Colonel Darke anxiously wished me to be with him, He was a warm friend when he took a liking. I know he had (afterwards) great anxiety that I would accept the command of the First Virginia Battalion of levies (in 1791). Both the officers and men gave me the preference. They knew I was acquainted with military discipline, had been exposed to many difficulties and dangers previously, and at that time when the British armies were overrunning and plundering nearly all the Southern parts of Virginia, when our prospects were so gloomy, our armies and citizens fleeing before the enemy in every direction in Virginia, I obeyed the calls of Col. D, without waiting for pay or commission, neither General Washington or Col. D ever lost confidence in me, or I should

not have been the only field officer in Kentucky appointed to command the first Battalion of Levies under St Clair. My Dear please excuse haste. May the Great God and Father of all Bless you and yours.
G. M. B.

"May 26th. 1836. * * * On the subject of James Rumsey's applications of steam to propelling boats I recollect seeing the long slim boat he had built, and which I think lay some time near Captain Shepherd's saw mill * * * I saw one of the Barnes's working on some sheet copper making a boiler and I think a pipe, which I was afterwards told was so fixed that it drove the steam towards the stern of the boat from the boiler. I was not at Shepherdstown on the day he exhibited his steam boat for trial, but I heard numbers that were there when the first public trial was made. I heard several that were there frequently conversing upon it, and speaking in favor of it. I think he was the first person that applied steam to navigation in America, altho steam had been applied to flour mills and otherwise in Europe. Several persons who came to this State who I think if now living may recollect James Rumsey's being the first inventor. There was a Betsy Maple who lived at the Mill on Sleepy Creek who afterwards married Charles Rumsey. I saw her and her husband about six years since, at her home on Cabin Creek about ten miles from Maysville. It is probable Drusy Thornbrough, the daughter of Major Thomas Swearingen may yet recollect. I think she lives in Montgomery Co. Ky. * * * I have lately had a letter from our dear niece Olivia Morgan. She said she would send me if she have a good opportunity the old dutch Bible which she got of her mother, one that once belonged to our dear

departed Mother as none of her brothers or sister can read it. I should be very Glad to get it.

"June 3rd 1837. You have I expect, heard that Honble Daniel Webster is making a visit through the Western country. He is generally received with affection, and respect, as much so as any man in such a state of political division can expect. I saw him and was treated with kindness and respect by him, I think him an Honest Straightforward plain man & hope he will yet be useful to our country as a friend to our constitution * * * My Dear Brother as I am about to conclude and not knowing that I may ever see you again, as I am old and declining fast, and do not place my hopes for Happiness chiefly on the enjoyments of this world I am yet blessed with peace of mind and hope our good and merciful Father will bless us with a calm resignation to His will henceforth and forever.

"Dec. 10th 1837. We are happy to hear that our amiable sister-in-law (the widow of Daniel Bedinger) bears her bereavement with her accustomed resignation. I do most heartily sympathize with you and all our dear friends in the loss of our Dear niece, Elizabeth Washington, and so must all who were acquainted with that good and amiable woman. * * * I think this is my birthday. I think I have arrived at the age of 81 years & I hope I shall try to take your advice to close or as the merchants say, wind up my accounts (and as you say) and I hope resignedly and calmly meet my fate.

"Jan. 1838. Received yours of the 25th ult, in due time which informed me of the death of another of our dear, worthy, and amiable nieces, Viz: Virginia Lucas. This information shocked and surprised me greatly. A short space only had elapsed since you

had informed me of the death of her sister and when we consider the number of the most amiable and good children our Dear sister Sally Bedinger (widow of his brother Daniel) has lost in the prime of life we almost wonder she can survive the heart-rending pains and afflictions she has had to contend with. * * * Many of my old papers have been destroyed by rats, some lost, some nearly worn out and Burnt. I think more than a bushel that were left in the stone house on the South side of Licking were stolen or scattered and the whole house so abused that it is now a waste house without a tenant.

"July 29th 1838. I cannot say that there was ever conveyance for that Sidling Hill property tho' I think there was by me and my wife for the land I purchased of Joseph Hobbs, on which I built the double-gated saw mills, also I recollect laying off a great portion of the mill-wright work, and some time after built the grist mill also. * * * Having thus far begun to write to you a good-looking, smiling gentleman came into my house and shook hands with me. I did not know him. My wife said that he must be a Bedinger. It was our nephew Dr. Jacob Morgan with his wife and three children and two servants,* from Clinton, Mississippi.

"Aug. 22nd. Our friends the Morgans stayed with us but two nights. Mrs. Morgan is a very agreeable lady. They went on to the springs at Harrodsburg. They are very rich and highly respected in their State. He said he left his sister Hamilton at his home or near it, with her daughter who married a gentleman by the name of House. * * * Mr Lee wished to

*Jacob was a son of Col. Abraham Morgan and Mary Bedinger, his wife.

know if my Sidling Hill property lies in Allaghany or Washington County, Maryland. I am confident the land lies in the county Hagerstown is in, as I once took a *Grand scoundrel* at Sidling Hill and had him put in the Hagerstown *Jaol*. John Norris went with me. I think Roster went off where Brother Jacob could not find him, or get anything from him or his security. My old papers are so scattered and pull-hauled and eaten by rats that I cannot find such as I want. I remember being intimately acquainted with several of the Ashbys as well as with the above said Nathaniel Ashby, that he lived near Lexington but I did not recollect knowing him at the siege of York or as a Captain in the Army, that I had a spell of sickness at the age of about 31, say 50 years since that so far ruined my recollection that I have not been able to recollect many of the very Important transactions of my own life that happened during the Revolutionary war, near and previous to the spell of sickness that I had at Sidling Hill.

"Jan. 12th 1839. On Christmas day all of my family were here and three of the children of my departed daughter Sallie, viz:—Wm. Bedford, Mary T. Bedford, and G. M. Bedford. Wm is 21, Mary 19, and George upwards of 20. The oldest child now living was married about a year since to a man named Coleman, Her father was pleased with the match. The youngest, Ben, has gone to see his foster mother, I think Mrs K. Riley who took him when an infant, and raised him * * *. You have given me a statement of our dear departed brother Daniel's family, the death of our worthy nephew (Dr. D. Bedinger) the deaths of his two nieces, the daughters of Thornton Washington, all these late bereavements together with

so many others of our relations must fill our hearts and minds with lasting impressions of their virtues
 * * * we two have arrived at an age *uncommonly old*, and are still permitted to remain in this life!!! But it is easier for me or us to think and reflect than to paint our feelings to others.

"April 15th 1839. I am still quite weak and unable to attend to business. I shall have to hire out & reduce the number of my blacks a little. I still have 9 or 10 of them with me, 7 females of which Maria, the girl you sent out, is the youngest and least. I find as I get older and weaker the blacks get more worthless and wasteful. I should be quite willing to have sent most of them to Liberia if they were willing. I offered to let six of the oldest of them go and I would pay their passage, but they would rather stay, as they said. I shall have to hire them out until something else can be done with them. I think I will try to get the two boys (Jacob's) taught trades, and if we can keep Maria at home. As to politics among all the lies we hear it is hard to tell which party can make the best story. * * * I hope when Death comes we may cheerfully resign ourselves to the goodness and mercies of the Almighty who has so mercyfully preserved us thro' all the difficulties and danger of our long and varedated lives. I assure you, my dear brother, that I think I fear Death much less now than I did in my long spell of sickness when I was 31 yrs old, altho' I daily think of it. I still keep up a cheerful mind in spite of all my pains, untouched by mallancholy or very low spirits. * * * It is possible you and I may live to see the proposed meeting of our friends in June 1850, at the place appointed in 1825, viz:—"Stinson's spring." It is true it would be uncommonly

strange if not foolish to make calculations on such an extraordinary event, but not much more strange than that we should have been the only two in Good health and able to attend at our last meeting at said place. Well my dear Brother * * * I hope we will try to do all the good we can and as little harm; put our trust in God who has so long and so often preserved us through our long lives, through War, Adventures and great Perils!!!

"Sep. 8th 1840. I have ever since I was a child highly respected your opinions and your friendship, I have looked up to you almost as to a father, as well as Brother, I have never doubted your patriotism, and if I think you are mistaken in yr choice for a President I think you are deceived by such men as Kendall, Blair and others, who we in Kentucky think we know from their characters here better than you do. * * * I hope sincerely you will never think while my life and rational mind remains I can be cold or ungreatfull to my dear and now only Brother * * * If I get able I will try to procure farther evidence to obtain a pension for my hard services in the Revolutionary war, as I have never yet obtained a cent much as I have suffered.

"Jan. 10th. I have not of late attended much to my earthly business. I often read Dutch and English scriptures and compare the two. Have a chearful mind of my own.

"May 6th 1842. Like yourself I am a tottering old man with little ability for locomotion, tho' with the use of a couple of sticks I do manage to get about the yard and occasionally venture to get on a horse, and on the day before yesterday I did make out to ride in company with my daughter Elizabeth Bedford to Car-

lisle the County seat of this County, and back again, making ten miles performed in one day, a greater feat than walking fifty miles in '76 would have been.

"May 6th 1842 You say a good deal about politicks in your letter in which you appear to manifest a good deal of bitter feeling against Congress and the Whigs as involving the nation in debt, emptying the Treasury, raising the tariff, and acting in such forms and ways as to disgust every rational being. I ought not to dispute with you in anything as you are my elder Brother, and consequently it has been my custom generally to say nothing to you in reply upon this subject, but if you will excuse me and not set me down as "a British spy or traitor," I will barely observe that so far as concerns the empty Treasury and debt of 17,000,000 complained of by you that I agree with you that it is wrong that such things should occur in a country like ours, in time of peace, but really I think you put the Boot on the wrong leg when you charge it to the Whigs, who certainly have not been in power long enough to remedy the evils produced by the mismanagement, not to say corruption, produced by the two last administrations. With regard to the public lands I think the States have had their just rights in these lands too long withheld from them by the General Government, and if the restoration to them of their just dues shall create a necessity for such an increase of the tariff as will give some efficient protection to the American labourer, artizan, mechanic and farmer, and change that balance of trade in our favour which for the last ten years the policy of miscalled free-trade-men has been so decidedly against us and has brought our country to its present bankrupt condition, it will have afforded glory enough for any one man; to have

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1863. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1864. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1865. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1866. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1867. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly.

been the author of that act of distribution! But enough of this. It is 67 years this month since you and I and our dead departed friends, one hundred of us, buckled on our armor and become the soldiers of liberty, determined to be free at all hazards. We had engraved on our breastsplates the words, 'Liberty or Death,' the fire of patriotism then glowed in our bosoms, and animated our exertions to resist British tyranny, and usurpation or perish in the effort. We were all united in the same glorious cause. You and I of all that band of 100 are left, our companions in arms have all long since departed, our brothers and sisters have all left us, and we, like two aged oaks decayed at the roots stand tottering to the fall. Let us not then discuss matters calculated to elicit feelings of discord. We differ honestly in our views of men and measures and never shall agree. We each however know the other to be honest, patriotic, and rich in each other's love, let that love never be disturbed by the breath of political dissension.

"August 28th 1842 I find from the Hon. Davis that a pension has been granted me of \$75 annually from the 4th March 1837 during life. I did not know so small a pension could be given even for a soldier and sergeant and I have formerly thought I would not accept such a pittance, but under our embarrassments I am willing to take what I can get now, but hope to be able to recover a greater degree of justice for my many services. * * * I conclude, your affectionate brother

"G. M. Bedinger"

I have lingered lovingly over these letters, which so fully reveal the gentle, brave, and tender nature of

the man who wrote them. The one just quoted is the last in the packet, which includes letters from 1811 to 1842. This was the end of the long correspondence. In May of the year 1843 Henry died. The brothers were good and pleasant in their lives, and, in their deaths, they were not long divided.

When George Michael Bedinger heard of Henry's death, he received the news with his accustomed resignation. But the blow was none the less severely felt, because he did not murmur at it. He fell into a state of great languor and died that same year on the seventh of December, loved, honored, respected, and sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

And now what more is there to say? He had grown old and grayhaired; he died and was gathered to his fathers. In all his life he never injured any man. He was a pure-minded patriot; he was truthful, of unstained honor, and of a noble spirit. I will end with a quotation from Mr. Ranson's article, and with a short extract from a letter from Olivia Morgan Bedinger, a great-granddaughter, now living in California.

Mr. Ranson says: "After his retirement from public service he devoted a great part of his time to the development and improvement of the resources of the country, and establishment of a better order of society, and adding to the facilities of educating the children of the surrounding country. It was principally through his influence that a school of high grade was established at Washington, Mason County. It was under the charge of a very highly educated lady. The influence of this institution is manifest at the present day. The descendants of many who were the objects of his care still bear evidence of his wisdom and benevolence. As a pioneer, a soldier, a statesman

and a patriot, a worthy example in private life, in this connection it is unnecessary to say more. Much of his life is written in the record of our country's rise and progress."

Miss Olivia Bedinger says in a letter to the writer: "G. M. Bedinger was a member of the Convention which framed the new constitution of Kentucky, but did not succeed in stamping his views concerning slavery upon the other members. He was much disappointed, and did what he could to solve the problem by leaving his own young slaves to become free at the age of 30. If they chose to go to Liberia they were to have a year's support, and an outfit of clothing. If they did not go, merely the clothing. Only one went, a woman named Suke, described by my father who used to play with her when he was a little boy as of a most daring and lawless nature. After reaching Africa she joined the wild tribes. My grandfather, Dr. B. F. Bedinger, was brought up to think slavery a great evil, and reared his family in the same belief. When my mother came a bride to Forest Home there were but twelve slaves there, some past the age of labor, some still too young to work, a force entirely inadequate for the large estate and very large household. Nevertheless, when the war broke out all our branch went with the South, even my father, who was then living in Ohio. I was brought up with decidedly Southern views, but with the passage of the years it seems to me that in fighting for slavery the South was fighting for her greatest misfortune, especially so when I could see that there were episodes in his connection with slavery that remained painful to my father to the end of his eighty years of life. * * * George Michael Bedinger was of a mechanical turn. My

father used to say that he invented a chain-pump, like those that afterwards made somebody a great deal of money, to draw the water from the Blue Lick springs to the Salt Works. Also once having gone to a sale and purchased a quantity of tin cups he utilized them by placing them on a leather belt and using them to hoist grain in his mill, thus making a forerunner of the grain elevator which also made its inventor a lot of money."

Major Bedinger has many descendants, scattered over the south and west. I have added an appendix with an incomplete list of these descendants, and now I believe my task, which has been a labor of love, is ended.

APPENDIX A

THE DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE MICHAEL BEDINGER

G. M. BEDINGER'S only child by his first wife, Nancy Keene, was named Sarah Keene Bedinger, and was probably born in Shepherdstown, where he had gone during his convalescence after his long illness in 1787. Sarah was born in October of that year, her mother dying at her birth. She was educated partly at Shepherdstown, and lived near that town, in the family of her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Bedinger Morgan, until she was nearly grown. We hear of her in 1800 as living in Kentucky. She married, in that State, a gentleman named John Bedford. The Bedfords were friends and neighbors of the Bedingers at the Lower Blue Licks. Sarah's oldest daughter, Sarah Bedford, married a gentleman named Coleman, and lived near Colemansville, Ky. The family finally moved to Missouri. The other children of Sarah and John Bedford were named William, Mary, George Michael, Benjamin, and another, who did not live to grow up. Their mother died in July, 1822. I cannot give the names of any more of this branch of the descendants of G. M. Bedinger.

The children of George Michael Bedinger and his wife, Henrietta Clay, were, first: Henry Clay, born Nov. 24th, 1793; died about 1850. He married, first: Lavinia Drake, daughter of Dr. Drake, the most prominent physician of Cincinnati in early times. She left one daughter, Lavinia, who married her second cousin, George William Ranson, a grandson of Elizabeth Bedinger Morgan.

Henry Clay Bedinger's second wife was named Judith Singleton, and they had three children. Sarah, who first married — Parker, and second Dr. Ellis, and lived in Missouri. I do not know the names of any of her descendants.

The second child of Henry Clay Bedinger and his wife Judith was named Henry Clay, and was born September 5th, 1832. On the 22nd of May, 1857, he married, in Missouri, Susan Ellsworth Washington, daughter of Thornton Washington and his wife Elizabeth Bedinger, a daughter of Daniel Bedinger of "Bedford," near Shepherdstown. Susan was the second cousin of her husband. Thornton Washington, her father, was a nephew of George Washington, and built the beautiful old place, Cedar Lawn, near Charles Town, Jefferson County, W. Va. After the death of their parents the Washingtons moved to Missouri, where many of their descendants are still living.

Henry Clay Bedinger, 2nd, removed to Portales, New Mexico. He and his wife, Susan, had eight children. First, George Washington Bedinger, born Feb. 28th, 1858; second, Lillian Thornton, born Dec. 25th, 1859, who is now living in Weatherford, Texas; third, Emma Bird, born in Johnson County, Mo., Feb. 23rd, 1862; fourth, Susan Augusta, born in Cass County, Mo., June 14th, 1867; fifth, Henry Clay, 3rd, born in Cass County, Mo., Sept. 18th, 1869. This Henry C. married Miss B. T. Miller on March 16th, 1898. She is a native of Weatherford, Texas. They now live at Wellston, Oklahoma, and have: Henry Miller Bedinger, born Feb. 3rd, 1899, at Weatherford, Texas; Mary Emma, born June 15th, 1900, at Baird, Texas; Daniel Washington, born Jan. 31st, 1902, at Portales, New Mexico; Bettie, born May 16th, 1903,

at Portales, New Mexico, died Feb. 7th, 1904; Maud May, born Nov. 10th, 1904, at Portales, New Mexico, and George Henry, born Nov. 18th, 1906, at Portales, New Mexico.

The sixth child of Henry C. Bedinger and his wife Susan is Solomon Singleton, born in Cass County, Mo., Oct. 3rd, 1871. He married, Sept. 29th, 1898, Miss Adelaide M. Rhea. They have two children: Frank, born in Parker County, Texas, Sept. 5th, 1899, and Louis, born in Parker County, Texas, May 16th, 1902.

The seventh child of Henry C. Bedinger and Susan was Eleanor Lawrence, born in Cass County, Mo., Dec. 26th, 1873. Died, Oct. 7th, 1874.

The eighth and last child of H. C. Bedinger and Susan is Mildred Berry, born July 8th, 1876, in Cass County, Mo. Mildred married on Sept. 27th, 1903, Holland W. Beck, and has one child, Donald, born March 10th, 1908, in Parker County, Texas.

Henry Clay Bedinger, 2nd, died July 27th, 1908. His wife Susan died, July 28th, 1893, in Parker County, Texas.

Solomon Singleton Bedinger was the third child of Henry Clay Bedinger, 1st, and his wife Judith. He was born — — — and married one of his Washington second cousins, a sister of Susan, his brother's wife, named Mildred Washington. They had five children: first, Henrietta Gray, born November 17th, 1854; second, Lavinia, born May 29th, 1857, married Edward Henry Morrell; third, Henry Clay, born Sept. 23d, 1859, married U. S. Weeks; fourth, Arthur Singleton, born March 3rd, 1862, and died Nov. 9th, 1869, and lastly, Singleton Berry, born Nov. 7th, 1871. They and their descendants live in Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

THE DESCENDANTS OF DANIEL PAINE BEDINGER

Daniel Paine Bedinger was the second son of G. M. and Henrietta Bedinger. He was born March 18th, 1795. He died about 1865. April 20th, 1826, he married his first cousin, Letitia Clay. She was the daughter of Henry, third son of Dr. H. Clay. Daniel and Letitia had one daughter, Olivia, who married Richard Lindsay, and died, leaving three children: Rosa, who married Wm. Buckner of Paris, Ky., and has one daughter, Olivia, who married Yutaka Minakuohi, a Japanese gentleman of distinguished family and a Christian minister. Obligated to resign on account of ill health, he lives, with his wife, in Asheville, N. C. The son of Rosa and Wm. Buckner is named Aylette Buckner. He married Mary Lockhart of Paris, Ky.

The second daughter of Olivia Lindsay is Elizabeth, who married Asa K. Lewis, of Kentucky, now of Asheville, N. C. They have one child, Richard Lindsay Lewis, who now lives in Big Lumber, Montana.

The only son of Olivia Lindsay, F. B. Lindsay, married Columbia Ross, deceased, and has two little boys, Richard and Daniel. They live in Asheville, N. C.

Daniel Paine Bedinger was as opposed to slavery as his father, and left directions in his will that all the negroes he owned should be set free at a certain age, and have their expenses paid to Liberia, or, if they preferred to remain in America, a sum of money was to be laid out for each of them in the purchase of land. He married a second time, June 1st, 1854, many years after the death of his first wife, his cousin, Anne Elizabeth Ranson, who was the widow of a Dr. Davis of Charles Town, W. Va. They had no children.

THE DESCENDANTS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
BEDINGER

The third son of G. M. Bedinger and Henrietta, his wife, was Benjamin Franklin, born June 14th, 1797. He died Sept. 7th, 1872. On the 29th of June, 1820, he married Sarah Everett Wade, daughter of David Everett Wade, one of the first emigrants from New Jersey to Cincinnati. B. F. Bedinger studied medicine at the Surgeon's College in Philadelphia, but never practised, much to the disappointment of his friend, Dr. Drake, who had a high opinion of his talents. Dr. Bedinger was interested in politics, though he never held office, because of a promise made to his wife. His son, Rev. Everett Bedinger, says of him: "He was very active in getting the charter of the Lexington Turnpike Company. He was ever desirous of good roads, and was president of the company for many years at different times, and connected with it as a director as long as he lived. * * * He was a great reader and had at his tongue's end all the arguments against the Christian religion, but he was urged to investigate its claims, and the Bible as a revelation from God, and after many years' careful study he became convinced that the Bible was God's word, and when he was about 63 years old he made a profession of religion and united with the Presbyterian church at Richwood, Boone County, and was afterwards made an elder.

"My father, on his deathbed called to him his sons who were not members of the church and said: 'My sons, I don't know whether you believe the Bible to be God's word or not. If you do you are guilty of great sin in not obeying it. I beg you to investigate it

carefully, for I am sure you will find it is.' This was just a few hours before he died."

Miss Olivia Bedinger, a granddaughter of B. F. Bedinger, says that he had imbibed his father's ideas on the subject of slavery, which made him unpopular with those of his neighbors who were of a different way of thinking. "When one of his slaves, Humphrey, married a woman belonging to a neighbor, my grandfather (B. F. Bedinger) offered to buy her. The neighbor refused to sell her to an abolitionist. During the war Humphrey was drafted and came in terror to 'Marse Franklin', promising to stay and work for him always if he would only get him off. Dr. Bedinger purchased a substitute for him at a cost of \$1,000. Humphrey forthwith left for Ohio, where I frequently saw him when I was a child. I remember my grandfather awaking my wonder by saying he never regretted anything he had done for Humphrey. Notwithstanding his anti-slavery principles, Dr. Bedinger and his sons went completely and thoroughly with the South. * * * The Kentucky branch of the Bedingers are a large race, most of the men exceed six feet. * * * Many are college graduates. * * *"

The children of Dr. B. F. Bedinger were six. First, George Michael, born May 19th, 1826. On September 3rd, 1850, he married Hannah More Fleming (born October 31st, 1831). They moved to California. Their children are Sarah Everett, born June 29th, 1851, librarian of the Peale Memorial Library, Bakersfield, California; Eleanor Fleming, born August 20th, 1853, died, Sept. 16th, 1875; George Michael, born Oct. 21st, 1856, died June 26th, 1883; Olivia Morgan, born Feb. 23rd, 1859; Lavinia, born October 11th, 1861; married Alfred M. Bannister, June 11th, 1896. They

have had three children: Henry Arnold, born July 22nd, 1897; George Richmond, Aug. 19th, 1898, died, Jan. 22nd, 1901; and Alfred William, born Nov. 9th, 1903.

The sixth child of G. M. and Hannah More Bedinger is Thomas Fleming, born Nov. 20th, 1864; seventh, Benjamin Franklin, born Oct. 19th, 1865, a rancher at or near Bakersfield, Cal.; ninth, Alexander Porter, born Aug. 11th, 1869, died Sept. 3rd, 1895; tenth, Julia, born July 12th, 1872, owner and manager of a dairy herd at Bakersfield.

The second child of Benjamin Franklin and Sarah Bedinger was Olivia Bedinger, who first married — Todd, and second, George William Ranson, the widower of her cousin, Lavinia R. She is dead, leaving one son, Geo. W. Ranson, of Richwood, Ky. His daughter — married —.

The third child of B. F. Bedinger is Everett Wade Bedinger, D. D., a graduate of Yale, and in the class of '51. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1857, preached at Paris and Richwood, Ky., during the Civil War, and had many thrilling experiences. He went to Canada when the Union forces took possession of the state, then returned and got through the lines and took his family to Virginia. He was chaplain to the 18th N. C. Regiment while it was at Gordonsville, etc. After the war he was given the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Shepherdstown, W. Va., for some time. Afterwards was called to Erlanger, and then to Anchorage, Ky. Then he was appointed chairman of the committee for evangelistic work of the Synod of Kentucky, and later he became a home missionary in the mountains of Alabama. His interesting reminiscences may be found in the History

of the Yale Class of 1851, printed at Boston, 1893. He first married Sally Eleanor Lucas, who died in July, 1867. She was a daughter of Hon. William Lucas and his wife, Virginia Bedinger, a daughter of Daniel Bedinger, Esq., of Bedford, near Shepherdstown, the brother of G. M. Bedinger. Consequently she was the second cousin of her husband. Their children were, first, Virginia, who was married to Rev. J. H. Moore, lived in Washington, Ky., and died childless; Rev. B. Franklin, who first married Miss Mattie Piatt, second Miss Mary Snow, has seven sons and one daughter, and lives at Hampden-Sidney, Va.; third, Rev. Wm. Lucas, married Mary Young, has one daughter and lives at West Appomattox, Va.; fourth, Everett Wade Bedinger, Jr., married Laura B. Brooke, has six daughters and lives at Anchorage, Ky. He is the author of Bedinger's Digest of West Virginia Supreme Court Reports, and has done much editorial work in West Virginia; fifth, George Michael, married first, Josephine Blandon, and second, Lucy Blandon, and lives at Adrian, Mich.; sixth, Daniel Lucas, for twelve years United States Pension examiner, now practising law in Louisville, Ky. He married Eleanor Campbell, now dead, and has one child, Josephine; eighth, Sarah Everett, a Presbyterian missionary at Monte Morales, Mexico.

Dr. Everett Bedinger married, second, Anna Moore Bilmyre, of Shepherdstown, and they have six children: Myra Van Doren, Anna Moore, Katharine Conrad, Olivia Morgan, Henry Garrett, and John Van Doren. Almost all of his fourteen children are living, and he himself, a hale old man of eighty, is still in good health at his home at Anchorage, Ky. He is the only living grandchild of G. M. Bedinger.

The fourth child of Benjamin Franklin Bedinger was named Daniel. The fifth was David, and the sixth and last was Benjamin F., Jr. The last three married daughters of Bradbury and Harriet Cilley of Venice, Ohio.

Daniel married Mary Cilley, Dec. 25th, 1860. Their children are: first, Harriet, who married Stanley D. Stevenson, in 1908; second, Daniel Everett, who married Sarah Frances Waterhouse in 1881. They have three children: Daniel Waterhouse, Hester, and Francis Everett. Third, Henry Clay married Alice Graybill, 1888. They have five living children: Henry Graybill, Walton Everett, Mary, Robert Daniel, Susan. Emily died in 1907. Fourth, Jonathan Cilley Bedinger, married Delilah Pearl Hughes; fifth, Benjamin Franklin Bedinger; sixth, Columbus Cilley Bedinger, married Elizabeth Gaines in 1906; seventh, Mary Cilley Bedinger, died in infancy; eighth, David Wade, married Alice May Lauer in 1904; ninth, Sarah; tenth, Elizabeth.

David Bedinger, fifth child of Dr. Benjamin F. Bedinger, was born June 13th, 1839. He died March 13th, 1874. He married, Feb. 5th, 1862, Elizabeth Ann Cilley, of Colerain, Ohio. Their children were, first, Olivia Morgan, born Oct. 30th, 1862, died Aug. 7th, 1883; second, Jesse, born Oct. 29th, 1864; third, Bradbury Cilley, born Aug. 18th, 1866, married Willifred Whittaker, Aug. 31st, 1887. They have two children: Lucy Norvell, born June 22nd, 1888, and Elizabeth, born Oct. 30th, 1889.

Fourth, Ann Elizabeth, born Sept. 20, 1868, married, Dec. 27, 1887, Ellis Bailey Gregg, a lawyer of Cincinnati. They have seven children, Daniel Bedinger, born Nov. 26, 1888; William Alford, April 30th,

1891; Ellis Bailey, Feb. 18, 1893; Clifford Cilley, July 9, 1895; Anna Myra, Dec. 16, 1897; David Dawson, Aug. 14, 1900, and Jessie Wade, Dec. 15, 1902.

Fifth, Agnes, born March 22, 1871, married Aug. 29, 1894, Wm. Bruce Roberts, farmer of Boone County, Ky. They have seven children: Roy Duncan, Nov. 18, 1896; Mary Bruce, Jan. 18, 1898; Howe Hume, Nov. 14, 1899; John Adamson, Dec. 23, 1901; Ruth, Oct. 26, 1903; David Bedinger, Aug. 13, 1906, and Sarah Elizabeth, Aug. 13, 1906.

Sixth, Emily Daisy Bedinger, born March 16, 1873, married May 25, 1892, Andrew Painter Gregory, Presbyterian minister. They have seven children: Emma Elizabeth, Oct. 11, 1894; John Benjamin, May 27, 1896; Sarah Bedinger, July 23, 1898; Mabel Cleopatra, July 23, 1900; Daisy Theresa, Oct. 16, 1902; Edward Daniel, Jan. 11, 1905; and Andrew Faw, Oct. 8, 1908.

Of the children of Benjamin Franklin, Jr., youngest son of Dr. B. F. Bedinger, I can obtain no records.

Elizabeth Morgan Bedinger, the fourth child of G. M. and Henrietta Clay Bedinger was born Dec. 30, 1798. She married, Jan. 29, 1824, Robert Bedford. Elizabeth was a woman of fine mind, and noble character. She was early left a widow, in good circumstances, and with the care of one child, Robert Bedford, Jr. She was a great reader, and was well educated, with more literary taste than most people of that early day in Kentucky. She is said, in her love of information, to have read the Encyclopedia Britannica, from beginning to end, her father having the only copy in Kentucky at that time! She was considered a marvel of erudition, says Miss Bittinger. "She

tried to educate her only child in the same way, but he had no intellectual taste, so she said she would '*gild him,*' and made a good deal of money for him; but his marriage disappointed her; she felt herself neglected by her brothers in her long last illness, and so she left all her wealth to the Common School Fund of the State. Her son died childless."

She seems to have been a remarkably fine woman, and I have seen letters from her which show much sweetness, strength of character, fortitude, and refinement. There is much that is pathetic about her life, in her longings for a broader sphere, and more opportunities for culture.

The sixth child of G. M. and Henrietta Clay Bedinger was Solomon, born March 10, 1801. He died single April 12, 1828.

The seventh was Olivia Morgan, born April 6, 1803. She married Henry Clay, her first cousin, and brother of Letitia Clay (Mrs. Daniel Paine Bedinger). She died in 1823, leaving one child who died the same year.

The eighth child of G. M. and H. Clay Bedinger was George Michael, Jr., who was born March 8, 1805, married April 24, 1828, Lucy V. Throckmorton. He died Sept. 5, 1833, leaving one child, Benjamin Franklin, who died unmarried.

The ninth child of G. M. and H. C. Bedinger was Joseph Morgan, born Feb. 1, 1810, died July 14, 1890. He married, Sept. 5, 1833, Nancy Moore.

Joseph Morgan Bedinger, youngest son of George M. Bedinger and his wife Henrietta, had six children, as follows: first, Wm. H. Bedinger, born Feb. 5th, 1836, married Miss Ellen Bishop, of McLean County, Ill., March 6, 1861. They have the following living children: Daniel, Nellie, Letitia, and Frank.

Second, Mary Moore Bedinger, was born at Blue Licks Springs, Ky., and married W. Milton Reeves, of Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 25th, 1868. They have had four children, Henrietta Reeves, Laura, who is dead, Joseph M. Reeves, who is a druggist at El Paso, Ill., and George M. Reeves, who lives at Bloomington, Ill.

Third, Joseph P. Bedinger, was born at the Blue Licks, Ky., July 6th, 1841, and married Miss Pauline Dimmett, deceased, of Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 16, 1864. They have had the following children: Rose, now Mrs. Merle Rayburn of Kansas City, Mo.; George M. Bedinger; Samuel C. and Henry D. Bedinger, now living in Kansas City.

Fourth, Henrietta Clay Bedinger was born at the Blue Licks, Ky., Nov. 2, 1844, and died Nov. 30th, 1868. She married Mr. Milton L. Wakefield, of Bloomington, Ill. They had one daughter, Mary B., who is now a widow living at Erlanger, Ky. Her husband's name was Robert J. Scott.

Fifth, Benjamin F. Bedinger was born July 6th, 1852, and died — 1859 in Bloomington, Ill.

Sixth, Miss Anna Elizabeth Bedinger is unmarried, and is living at Erlanger, Ky.

APPENDIX B.

I FEEL that I have not said enough in this volume on the subject of the political career of G. M. Bedinger.

He first served a term in the Assembly in the fall of 1792. When, in 1793, he resigned from the army, the citizens of Bourbon County promptly showed their appreciation of him by electing him again to the General Assembly. He was sent to the State Legislature from both Nicholas and Bourbon Counties, as he lived at different times in each of these Counties.

He was a State Senator in 1800 and 1801. Licking River was the dividing line between Bourbon and Mason Counties, and he built a stone house on the Mason County side, which he afterwards abandoned for a more commodious residence on the other side, in Bourbon, afterwards Nicholas County.

He was also first Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions, until that court was abolished. He was once one of the electors for Governor from Mason County, under the first constitution. In later life he was elected to Congress by a large majority in his district, and re-elected with even less opposition. This first election to Congress was in 1803. In 1807 he declined running again, believing that no one ought to hold such an office longer than four years. This he did although there was no prospect of opposition to his re-election.

He hated slavery and did all that he could while in Congress to abolish it. He was the chairman of a committee to prevent the importation of slaves into this country.

Twenty years after he had served in Congress, he was again a candidate for the position. But he was then over seventy years of age, and his anti-slavery principles were not popular. He was not nominated. Some one came out in a broad-side in his defence, a part of which is as follows:

To the Voters of the Second Congressional District.

Fellow Citizens: I have been not a little amused at the excessive spleen, which some writer over the signature of Homo has vented at two old men, who, as far as I can learn, have not done him any injury. * * * As to Major Bedinger's character and conduct I am better informed, and therefore cannot but smile at the harmless malevolence of the disappointed splenetic, who is so indignant and clamorous at he knows not what. He has, however, wasted many words in endeavoring to make you believe that it is a great piece of presumption in Major Bedinger to offer his services to his country, and for this act of effrontery advises you to spurn him from you "with contempt, defeat, and disgrace." What! spurn from us the soldier of the Revolution who has been so gratefully instrumental in procuring for us and him the boasted name and privileges of free men? What! Reward with "contempt, defeat and disgrace" one who has sacrificed the flower of his life and the vigor of his manhood on the altar of liberty; and has hitherto, whenever he has offered his services, met the cordial approbation and support of our fathers? Does he calculate that it is within his power to Disgrace the friend of Washington, the Defender of freedom, the Lover of his country by going to the polls and saying that,

tho' he spent his youth in our service his old age is obtrusive, and he must retire and make room for a younger aspirant? Kentuckians! Not thus has Virginia rewarded the services of her Madison. No! tho' many years older than the deserving object of my panegyrick, they did not reproach him for his age. but complimented him on his experience: and animated by the grateful remembrance of his youthful services, they, in the true spirit of generosity and politeness, solicited him to assist them, in the difficult task of amending the constitution.

But different has been the conduct of Homo and a few (with pleasure & to the honor of my country I acknowledge a very few) others of this stamp. This gentleman after a long tirade in which he endeavors to prove that our OLD FRIEND in whom our fathers used so affectionately to confide has become in his old age a faithless hypocrite, a traitor to his country, a bankrupt in principle, and asks "What has been his course in this canvass?" I can inform him that Major Bedinger came out in March at Carlisle, his County seat, on the same day that our first candidate did, and as he offered his services in the sincerity of his heart, as he had always been received by his countrymen with affection and confidence so unbounded that after serving them in Congress four years so great was their esteem for him, so complete their satisfaction with him that no competitor advanced to oppose him. But he, like his highminded friend the generous Washington whom "James Monitor" calls upon him to imitate, declined a re-election from the principle that "rotation in office was favorable to liberty," and it was ungenerous for one man to appropriate to himself all the good things in the people's gift. If this be

ambition, then I know not the meaning of the word. If after a retirement of more than twenty years under the circumstances I have mentioned the moderate offer of his services to that beloved country whose happiness and prosperity his course thro' a long and eventful life has proved to be the first wish of his heart; if this be presumption I confess myself ignorant of my own native language. And now he finds that again the sovereign people are solicitous to honor him with their preference by the promise of their support, and after having under those circumstances pledged himself to continue a candidate for their favor till the last moment of the election, would it not be casting a shade on his unblemished reputation to falsify his word by declining. But Mr. Monitor, Major Bedinger is our oldest candidate and with claims upon our confidence certainly as strong as any of the others, if a life of toil and danger spent in our service entitles any one to our regard. He now, for the last time asks our services. This is the closing scene of his public life. * * * If he who purchased our liberties by years of suffering knows not their value and how to guard them with watchful vigilance then they are safe with no man.

* * * Yes, the volunteer of eighteen breasted the most impetuous fury of the storm for thirteen months prior to the Declaration of Independence when an ignominious death awaited him, and his noble compeers in case of a failure in the hazardous cause. But God prospered the brave and preserved the patriot. Then why should he fear to place himself before the children and grandchildren of his worthy associates in that glorious struggle? No! Trusting that virtue is inherent, that the sons of the brave have imbibed the

sentiments of their fathers, that the hallowed fire of freedom still burns in the breasts of every descendant of his brothers in arms he may confidently place himself before the American youth.

I myself am one of them, and can answer for my country and with pride, with pleasure, fearlessly declare, that notwithstanding the arrows of malevolence that have been levelled at the aged oak it is still the favorite of the forest, and every warm and generous spirit will delight to come and shelter itself under its venerable shade. In other words, my countrymen, grateful for the arduous services of 20 years, will not disregard the claims of the old soldier, one of the very, very few remaining heroes of the Revolution, but will in the enthusiasm of free men flock to the polls & there prove that the love of liberty did not perish with their ancestors, but that they have determined not to repay with "contempt, defeat, and disgrace" the obligations they are under to one of Freedom's REAL & TRIED & FIRM SUPPORTERS.

A CITIZEN OF BOURBON.

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